

The Specter of Chomo-Lalti... MURDER IN THE HIMALAYAS

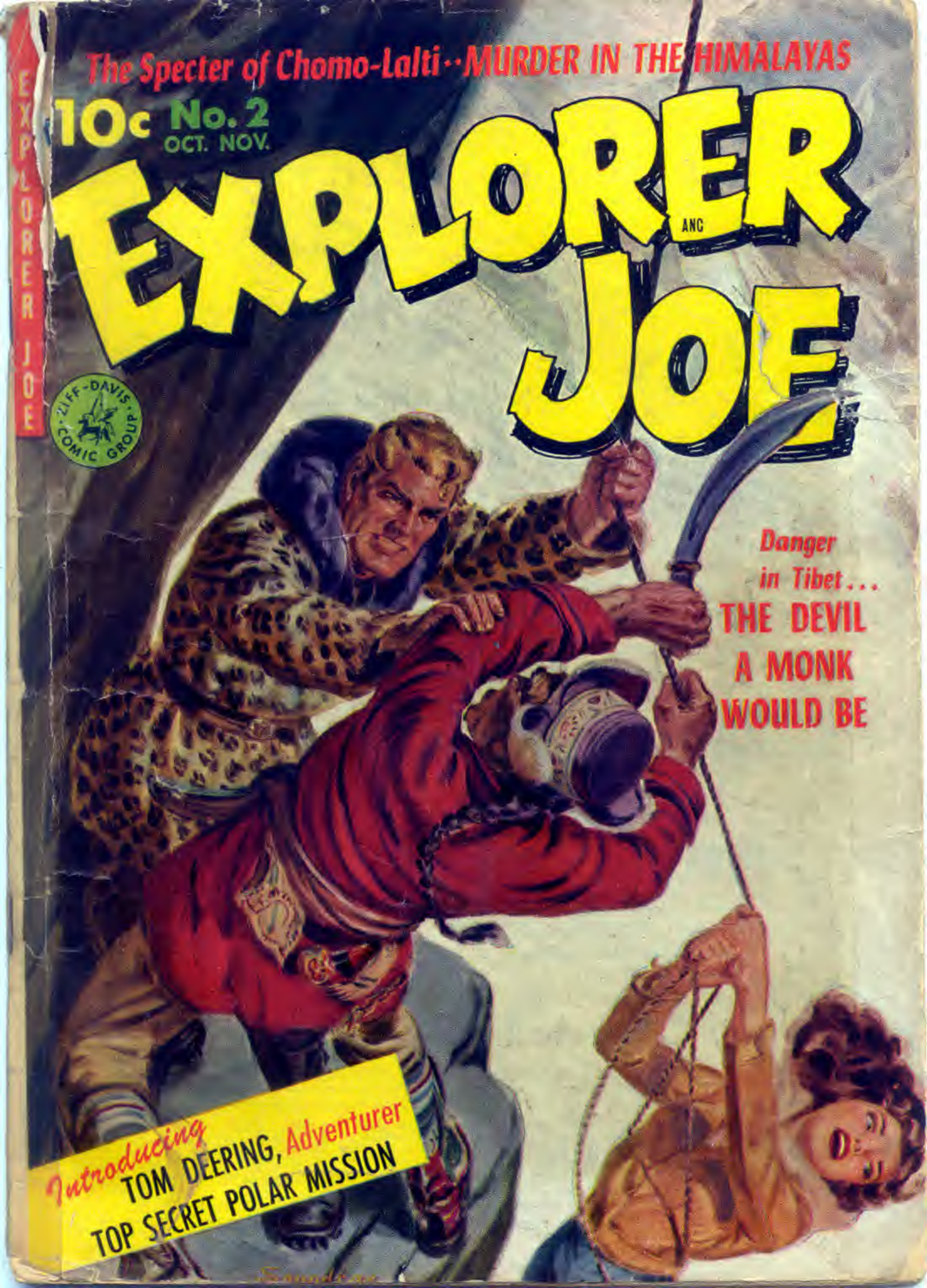
10c No. 2
OCT. NOV.

EXPLORER JOE



*Danger
in Tibet...*
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A MONK
WOULD BE**

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EXPLORER JOE

THE NORSE HISTORIC SOCIETY HAS RECEIVED REPORTS OF A VAST TREASURE OF VIKING RELICS LOCATED IN THE ISLANDS SURROUNDING GREENLAND. EXPLORER JOE THOMAS IS COMMISSIONED TO LEAD AN EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THE REGION. BUT JOE AND HIS SALTY SIDEKICK, GADABOUT SWANSON GET MORE THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR WHEN THEY MEET...

ERIC the RED



OUR STORY OPENS SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC. AS THE EXPEDITION SHIP, THE "VIKING," NEARS ITS DESTINATION, TWO UNITED STATES NAVY DESTROYERS SIGNAL...

HEY, JOE!
WHAT'RE THEM
DESTROYERS
STOPPIN'
US FOR?

THEY'RE PART
OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC
FLEET, GADABOUT! PROBABLY
JUST CHECKING UP! THEY
WANT US ABOARD! **REVERSE
MOTORS! READY
THE LAUNCH!**



ABOARD THE AMERICAN DESTROYER...

WE'RE JUST CHECKING,
MR. THOMAS! ESKIMOS
HAVE REPORTED SEEING
"IRON WHALES" IN THESE
PARTS! THAT CAN MEAN
ONLY ONE THING--
SUBMARINES! AND
THEY'RE **NOT OURS!** I'M
GIVING YOU OUR RADIO WAVE-
BAND AND SPECIAL CODE!
IF YOU RUN INTO ANY TROUBLE,
DON'T HESITATE
TO USE IT!

THANKS,
COMMANDER! WE'RE
HEADED THROUGH
THE DAVIS STRAITS
UP NORTH TO LOOK
FOR VIKING RELICS.
SVEN HEDWIG, HERE,
IS FROM THE NORSE
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE PARTY LANDS ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS WEST OF GREENLAND...



YOU WANT TO GO SHUMNAKI, ISLAND OF TERROR? NORTH IS SHUMNAKI, WHERE BIG RED BEARD LIVES!

A MAN WITH A RED BEARD? PROBABLY SOME HUNTER!

NO! NO HUNTER! HE HAVE HORNS ON HEAD AND HIM CARRY BIG SHIELD LIKE BRIGHT SUN! AND WHEN FULL MOON COME, HE KILL!

LET'S GET OUTA HERE, JOE! IT DON'T SOUND GOOD!



NONSENSE! DON'T TELL ME YOU BELIEVE THOSE STORIES!

LOOKA HERE, JOE! MY PAPPY TOLD ME HOW THE GHOST OF ERIC THE RED WALKS AROUND DURING THE FULL MOON! AN' FROM THE WAY THE NATIVES TALK, IT MUST BE ERIC'S GHOST!



WELL, WHETHER "ERIC THE RED" LIKES IT OR NOT, WE'RE HEADED FOR SHUMNAKI! IF THERE ARE ANY VIKING TREASURES AROUND, THAT ISLAND'S GOT THEM!

OKAY, JOE! YUH GOT THAT DEE-TERMINED LOOK! NOTHIN'LL STOP YUH! BUT DON'T SAY THAT GADABOUT SWANSON DIDN'T WARN YUH!



THAT EVENING, THE VIKING ANCHORS OFF SHUMNAKI...

THIS ISLAND GIVES ME THE WILLIES! MAYBE I OUGHTA STAY BACK AND GUARD THE SHIP!

COME ON, GADABOUT! WE'LL NEED EVERY AVAILABLE MAN!



AND AS THE PARTY SETS FOOT ON SHORE...



HELP! HELP!!

JOE! JOE! LOOK!

IT'S ERIC THE RED!





EASY, GADABOUT!
ERIC'S JUST AS
FRIGHTENED AS
YOU ARE! HE'S
RUNNING AWAY!

WE CAME JUST IN TIME!
HE WAS ABOUT TO FINISH
OFF THIS POOR FELLOW!



IT'S ONLY A
FLESH WOUND,
SVEN! HE'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!

JOE--LOOK! THIS IS A
GENUINE TENTH-CENTURY
VIKING SPEAR! OUR RED-
BEARDED GIANT MAY BE
A GHOST, BUT HE THROWS
REAL SPEARS!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, JOE'S PARTY STARTS
OUT TO EXPLORE THE AREA...



SAY, LOOK AT
THIS! THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A JOB
OF NATURE! MAYBE OUR GHOST
LIVES BELOW! COME ON!!

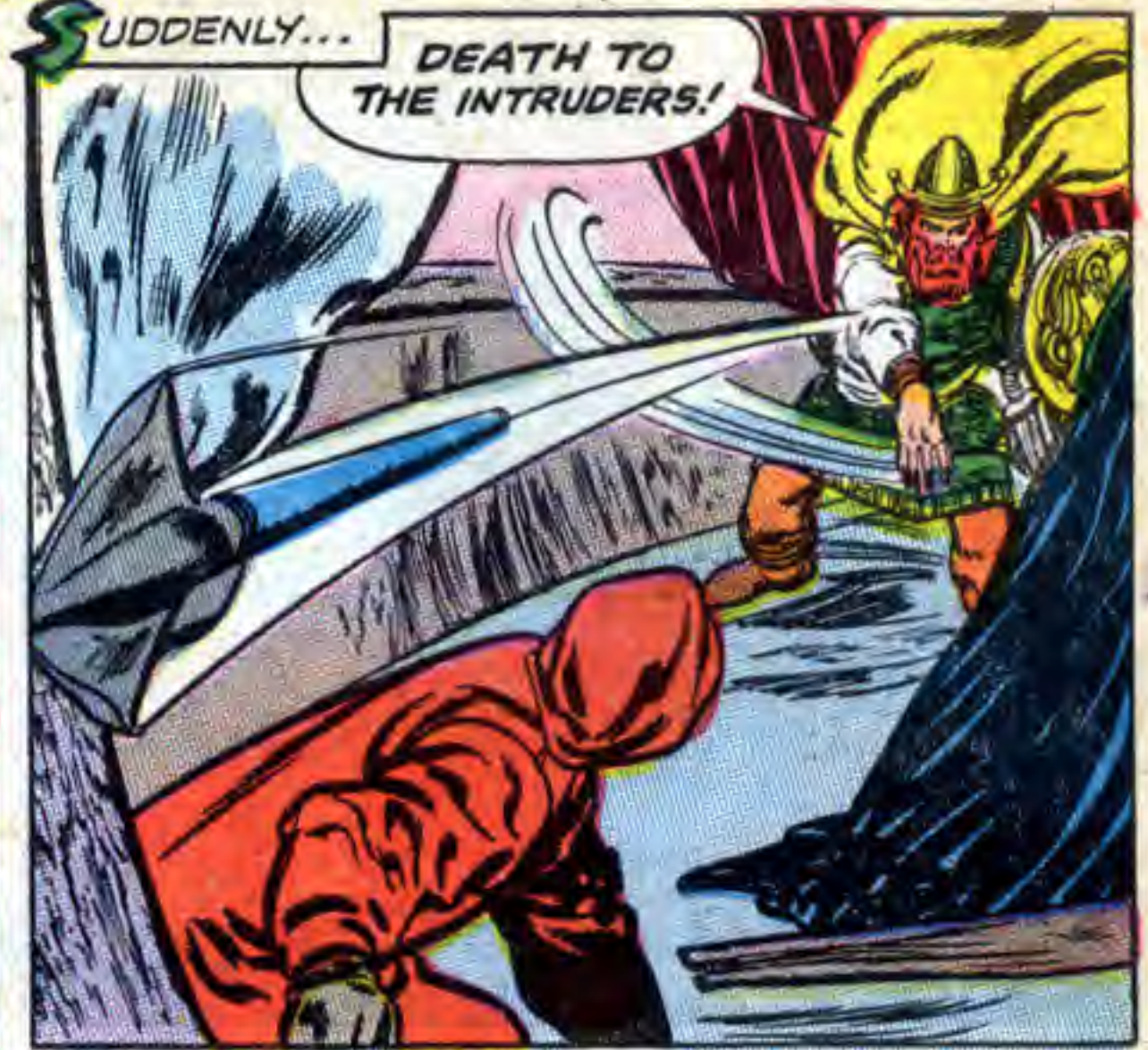


ALL THIS IS MAN-MADE! BUT
THE VIKINGS NEVER HAD THE TOOLS
TO BUILD LIKE THIS! C'MON! IT SEEMS
TO EXTEND FOR QUITE A DISTANCE!



HOLY JUMPING
LIZARDS! JUST
LOOK AT THAT!
A VIKING SHIP!

THE RAREST
DISCOVERY IN THE
WORLD!





SPEAK!!
WHAT IS YOUR
BUSINESS
HERE?

HOW ABOUT TELLING
US WHAT **YOUR**
BUSINESS IS? **THESE**
SUBMARINES
ARE HARDLY
VIKING RELICS!



IT IS TOO BAD WE HAD
TO MEET UNDER SUCH UN-
FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES,
HANDSOME ONE. BUT YOU
MUST DIE! YOU KNOW TOO
MUCH ALREADY! **LOCK**
THEM UP IN TUNNEL D!



RADIO. HEADQUARTERS AND
ASK THEM HOW WE SHALL
DISPOSE OF
THE PRISONERS *
WE HAVE TAKEN!

VERY WELL,
COLONEL
TAMARA!



IT'S HOPELESS,
MEN! THERE'S
NO WAY OUT!

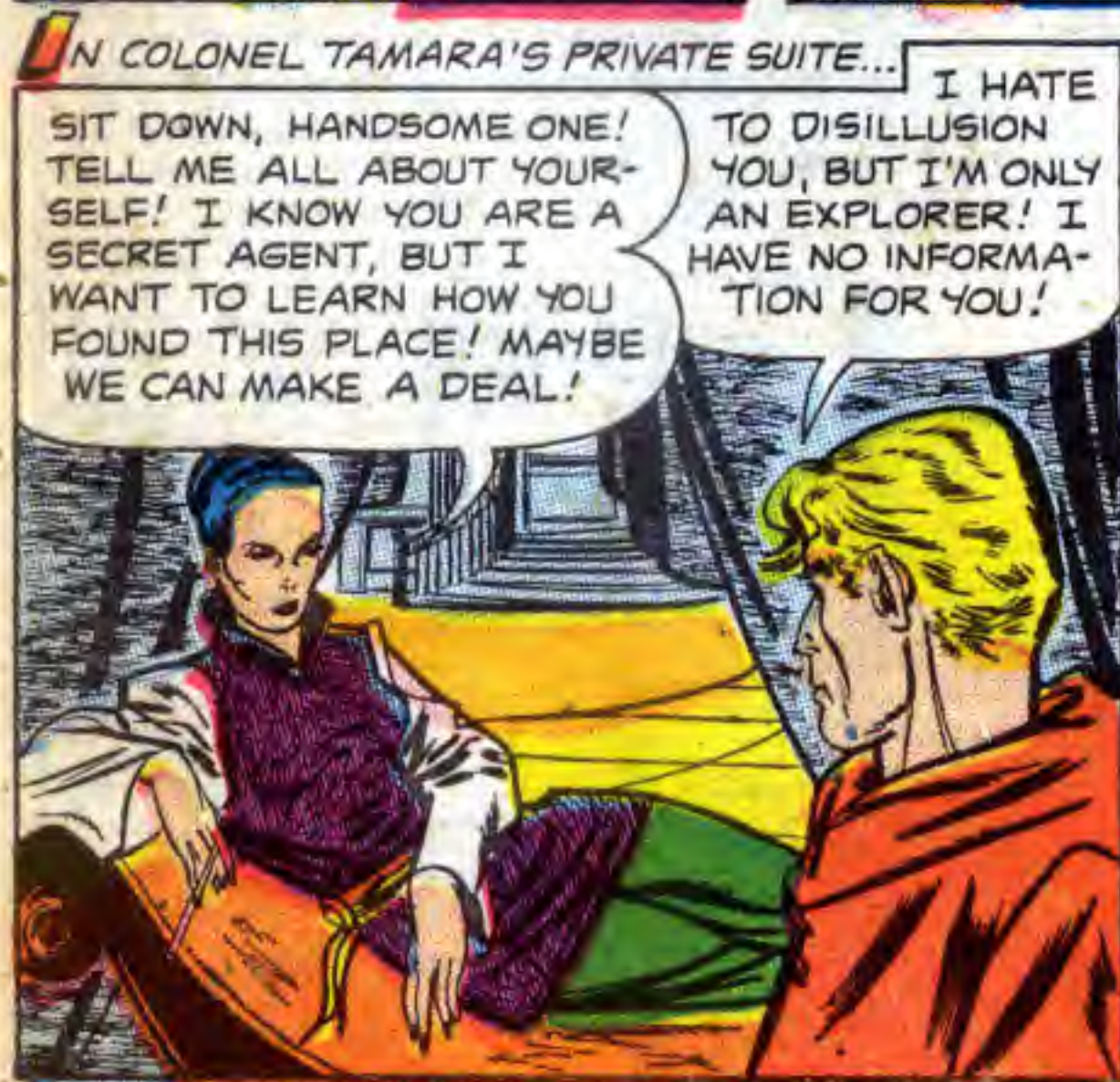
IF I COULD
ONLY GET TO
A RADIO, I
COULD CONTACT
THE DESTROYERS.
BUT THAT'S AN-
OTHER PIPE DREAM.



SEVERAL HOURS
LATER...

YOU! COME WITH
ME! COLONEL
TAMARA
WISHES TO
SPEAK TO
YOU!

I GUESS IT'S
GOING TO
BE ONE AT
A TIME! SO
LONG, MEN!



SIT DOWN, HANDSOME ONE!
TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR-
SELF! I KNOW YOU ARE A
SECRET AGENT, BUT I
WANT TO LEARN HOW YOU
FOUND THIS PLACE! MAYBE
WE CAN MAKE A DEAL!

I HATE
TO DISILLUSION
YOU, BUT I'M ONLY
AN EXPLORER! I
HAVE NO INFORMA-
TION FOR YOU!



YOU LIE!!
YOU ARE AN
AGENT!

THIS IS MY LAST
CHANCE!
HERE I GO,
TAMARA!



SHE FIGHTS LIKE A WILDCAT!



IN A FEW SECONDS... I HOPE THIS BRINGS ONLY ONE GUARD! I'M GOING TO NEED HIS UNIFORM TO SNEAK INTO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS ROOM!



DID YOU CALL, COLONEL TAM--
OOOHHH...

HMM! HE'S JUST ABOUT MY SIZE! I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

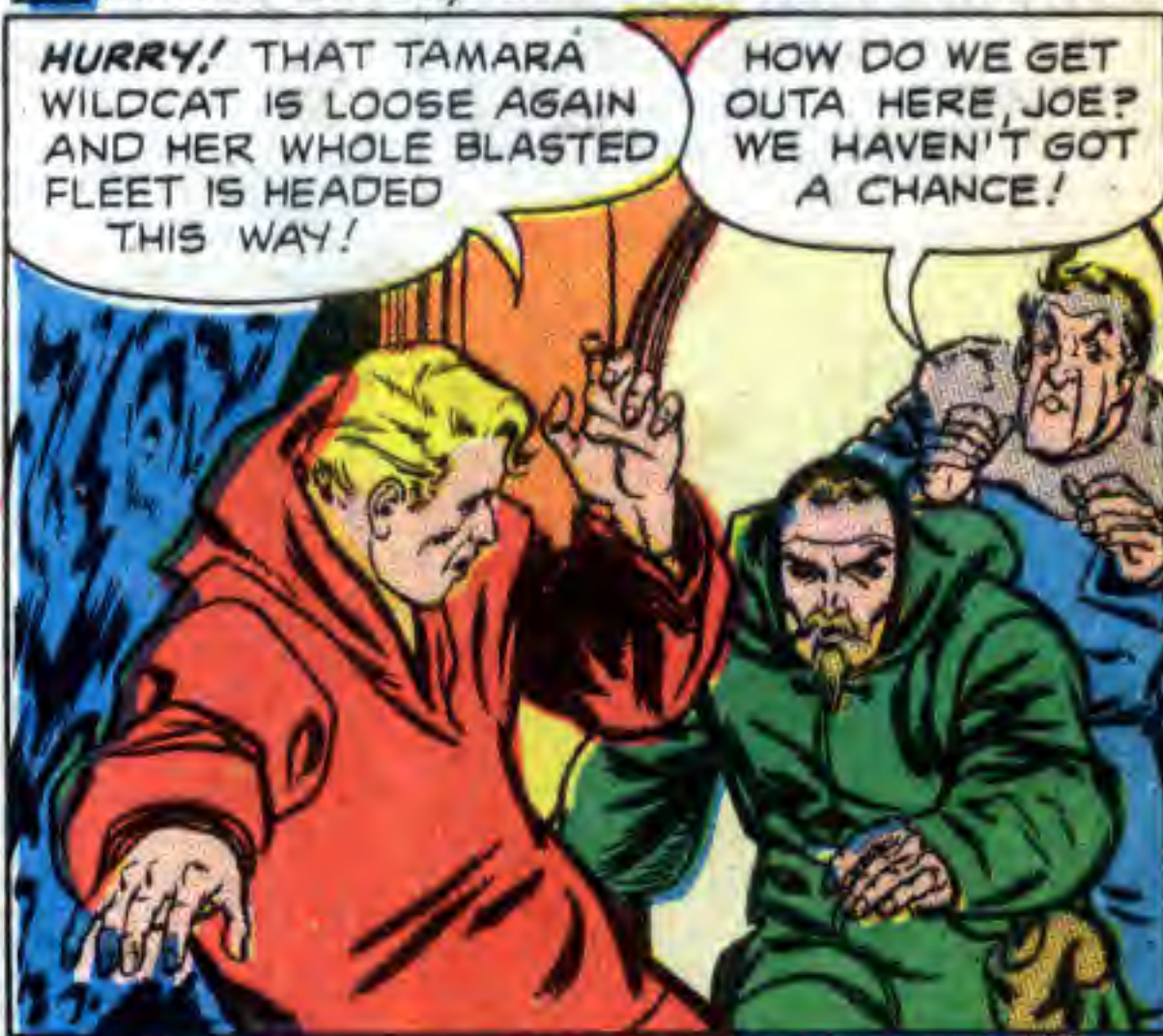
JOE REACHES THE RADIO ROOM, AND WITH CAT-LIKE STEALTH, HE OVERPOWERS THE RADIOMAN...



CALLING MX-150, MX-150! PROCEED AT ONCE TO 63W-73N! SECRET FOREIGN SUB BASE DISCOVERED! HURRY!

WE'RE COMING FULL SPEED AHEAD!

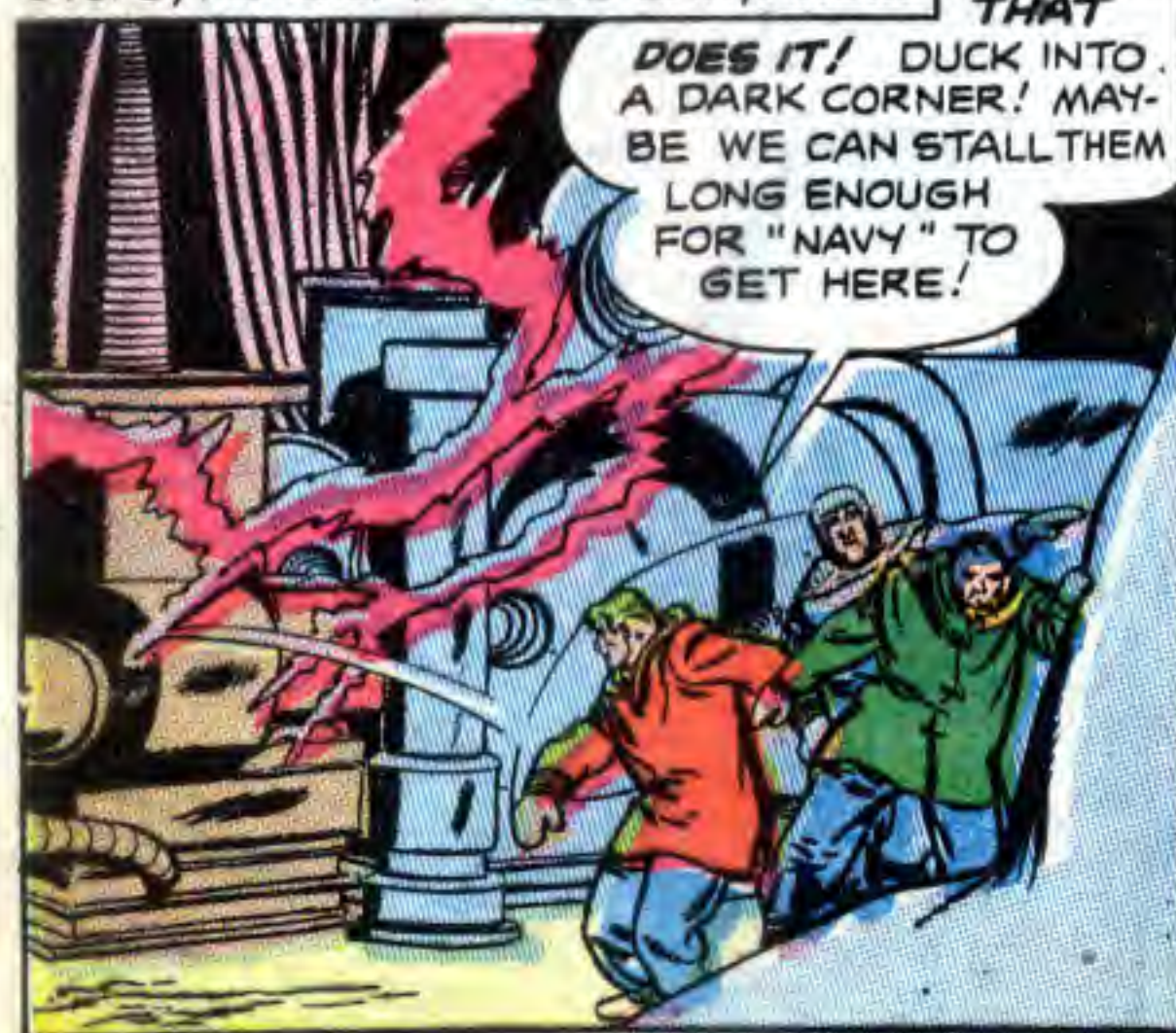
MINUTES LATER, JOE RELEASES HIS FRIENDS...



HURRY! THAT TAMARA WILDCAT IS LOOSE AGAIN AND HER WHOLE BLASTED FLEET IS HEADED THIS WAY!

HOW DO WE GET OUTA HERE, JOE? WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

WITH TAMARA'S MEN IN HOT PURSUIT, JOE AND HIS PARTY RACE PAST THE GENERATORS. JOE STOPS, PICKS UP A STEEL BAR, AND...



THAT DOES IT! DUCK INTO A DARK CORNER! MAYBE WE CAN STALL THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR "NAVY" TO GET HERE!



MEANWHILE...

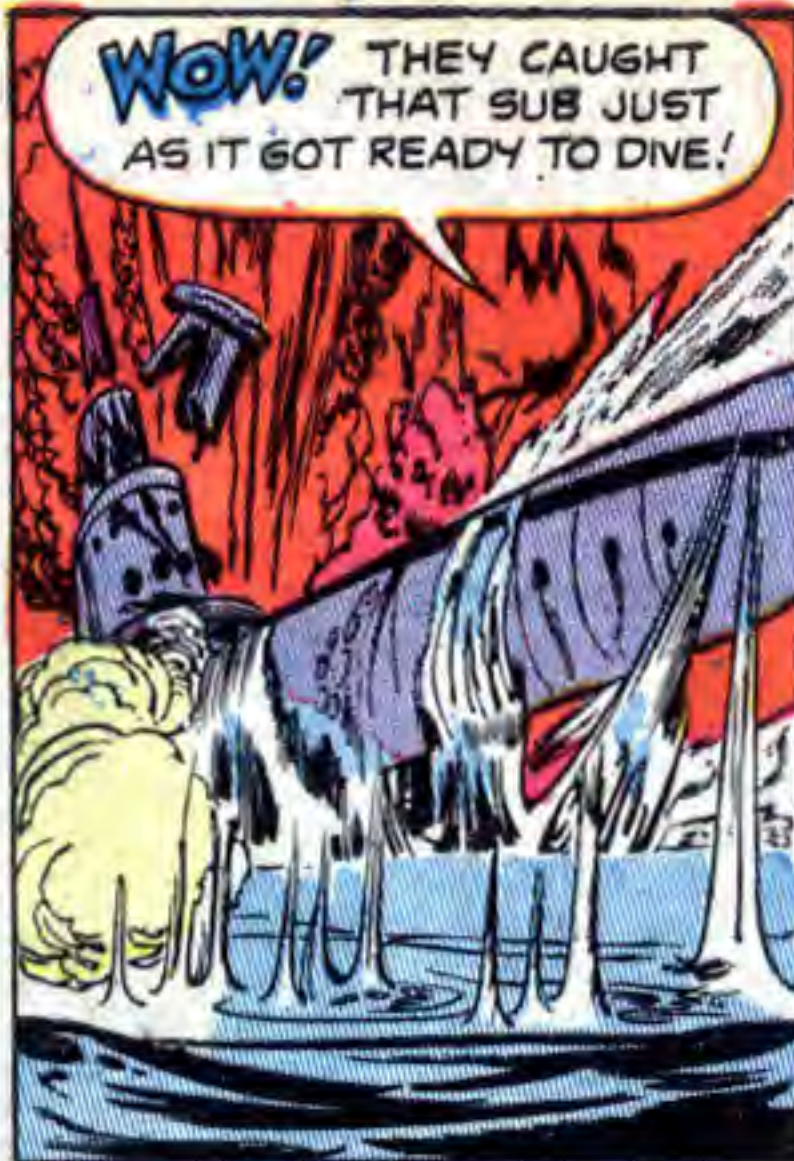
HEADQUARTERS JUST REPORTED AMERICAN DESTROYERS IN THE AREA! WE ARE ORDERED TO MOVE OUT AT TOP SPEED!

START ALL MOTORS AND PROCEED AT FULL SPEED! I'LL TAKE THE LAST U-BOAT!



I HOPE THE DESTROYERS ARE WAITING OUTSIDE FOR THEM! C'MON!

YEAH, AN' IT AIN'T GONNA BE **SPEARS** FLYIN' AROUND, BUT **TORPEDOES**, **SHELLS** AND **DEPTH CHARGES**!



Wow! THEY CAUGHT THAT SUB JUST AS IT GOT READY TO DIVE!



U.S. DESTROYERS COME IN FOR THE KILL...



Wow! THEY MUST HAVE HIT THE LAST SUB'S **MAGAZINE!** THE WHOLE ISLAND'S **ROCKING!**

THE CAVE! THE PRICELESS RELICS! ALL GONE!

WHEN THE BATTLE IS OVER, COMMANDER WILSON PUTS ASHORE...

WITH YOUR HELP, WE WERE ABLE TO TRAP THAT WHOLE PACK OF SUBS. IS THERE ANYTHING AT ALL WE CAN DO FOR YOU?

NO, COMMANDER! I'M AFRAID OUR PLANS WERE BLOWN SKY HIGH! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF THAT CAVE!



AND AS JOE LEADS HIS PARTY BACK TO THE VIKING FOR THE VOYAGE BACK HOME...



HEY, WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, MAROON ME? LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND! ERIC THE RED'S HELMET!

LET ME SEE IT, GADABOUT!

IT'S **GENUINE!** AND IT'S THE MOST VALUABLE VIKING FIND EVER MADE! GADABOUT WAS **ALMOST RIGHT!** ACCORDING TO THE INSCRIPTION, THIS HELMET BELONGED TO **LEIF ERICSON**, ERIC THE RED'S SON!

EVEN IF WE'RE NOT RETURNING WITH A BOATLOAD OF RELICS, AT LEAST WE'VE HELPED SCUTTLE A GROUP OF RAIDERS WHO CAME A THOUSAND YEARS AFTER THE VIKINGS!

YEAH, JOE! AN' ME? I'M JUST ITCHIN' TO GET BACK TO NICE, WARM AFRICA.



THE END

EXPLORER JOE

in MURDER IN THE HIMALAYAS

THREE MEN CLIMBED THE TOWERING HIMALAYAN PEAK CALLED CHOMO-LALT, AND ONLY ONE RETURNED. THE CITY OF DARJEELING BUZZED WITH EXCITEMENT AS YOUNG ROD DUNCAN RETURNED AND REPORTED THE "ACCIDENTAL" DEATHS OF JAN HELFAND, AN EXPLORER, AND CHARLES CREWS, DUNCAN'S BROTHER-IN-LAW. EXPLORER JOE THOMAS, IS SENT TO DARJEELING TO RECOVER SOME VITAL DATA THAT HELFAND WAS COMMISSIONED TO GATHER FOR THE GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. BUT NOW, WE'RE IN THE HOTEL ROOM OF LILA CREWS. HER BROTHER ROD EXCITEDLY TEARS INTO HER ROOM ...

ROD! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THEY'LL FIND THE BODY, LILA! THEY'RE HERE TO SEARCH FOR HELFAND!



GET HOLD OF YOURSELF, ROD! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

A FAMOUS AMERICAN EXPLORER JUST ARRIVED! THE WORD'S AROUND THAT HE'S GOING TO SEARCH FOR HELFAND! WHAT'LL I DO, LILA? IF THEY EVER FIND HIS BODY I'LL HANG!

NO, ROD, YOU **WON'T** HANG! WE'LL GET OUT OF THE MESS THAT CHARLES GOT US INTO! CHARLES, MY **LOVING** HUSBAND, THE **FILTHY MURDERER!** HOW I HATE TO KEEP UP THIS PRETENSE AND **MOURN** FOR THAT **BLACK-HEARTED BEAST!**

BUT, LILA, CHARLES KILLED HELFAND WITH **MY GUN!** WHEN CHARLES WENT OVER THE EDGE OF CHOMO-LALT AFTER THE MURDER, MY HOPES WENT WITH HIM!





THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO! WE'LL GO ALONG WITH THE SEARCH PARTY! IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT **YOU** BE THERE, SINCE YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO MISLEAD THEM!

Y-YES, LILA, MAYBE THAT IS THE WAY OUT!

AND IN THE ROOM OF EXPLORER JOE THOMAS...



GEE, JOE, CAN'T WE STAY AROUND HERE AN' REST FOR AWHILE? WHY DO WE HAVE TO START LOOKIN' FOR THAT HELFAND FELLER SO SOON? WE JUS' GOT HERE!

SORRY, GADABOUT, BUT THE MONSOON SEASON STARTS IN A WEEK! WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB CHOMO-LALT! BEFORE THEN! YOU'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO LOOK AT THE GORGEOUS WOMEN WHEN WE GET BACK! THIS JOB WON'T BE DIFFICULT!



NOW GET OUT YOUR CLIMBING GEAR! WE'RE --

ULP! J-JOE! A KNIFE WITH A NOTE!



"TWO MEN HAVE DIED ON CHOMO-LALT! STAY OFF - OR TWO MORE WILL DIE!"

'L-LET'S GO HOME, JOE! WHEN THEY PULL THAT OL' WELCOME MAT IN, IT'S TIME TO TAKE OFF!

LOOK, GADABOUT, I NEED THE MONEY TO CONTINUE THE SEARCH FOR MY FATHER! WE'RE GOING UP CHOMO-LALT! WHETHER THE MYSTERIOUS KNIFE-THROWER LIKES IT OR NOT!

SINCE YA PUT IT **THAT** WAY, JOE, I'D BE A DIRTY PIRATE TO TURN BACK!

BUT I STILL DON'T LIKE IT!

AN HOUR LATER IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL...



THERE HE IS, LILA-- THE TALL BLOND ONE!

COME ON, ROD, WE'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

WE HEARD YOU WERE PLANNING TO CLIMB CHOMOLALI! WE'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU! THIS IS MY BROTHER ROD DUNCAN! HE WAS WITH HELFAND AND MY HUSBAND CHARLES CREWS WHEN THEY WERE LOST ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP!

THANKS, MRS. CREWS! YOU CAN BE A BIG HELP! WE'LL BE READY TO SHOVE OFF IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



AN HOUR LATER, THE PARTY IS WELL ON ITS WAY...

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, DUNCAN? LEAD THE WAY!

WE'LL TAKE THE EASTERN APPROACH, MR. THOMAS! WE WERE ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN WHEN THE AVALANCHE CAUGHT CHARLES AND HELFAND!



EAST? DOESN'T SEEM LIKE ANYONE WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO TRY THAT APPROACH! TOO MANY HAZARDS! BUT IF YOU SAY YOU WENT THAT WAY, YOU PROBABLY KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

W-WE WENT EAST, ALL RIGHT, MR. THOMAS! I'M SURE WE DID!

HE SUSPECTS! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!



SOME HOURS LATER...

WHEW! LET'S REST, GADABOUT! SAY! WHERE ARE DUNCAN AND MRS. CREWS?

MAYBE I SHOULD'VE TOLD YA EARLIER, JOE! THEY STOPPED TO REST 'BOUT HUNDRED YARDS DOWN! THEY DIDN'T WANT T'SLOW YA DOWN... THAT'S WHY THEY DIDN'T TELL YA!



SUDDENLY, AN OMINOUS RUMBLE--AVALANCHE!



RUMBLE
CRASH!

GADABOUT! LOOK OUT!

THAT WAS A LITTLE TOO CLOSE, JOE!

YEAH, GADABOUT--TOO CLOSE TO BE AN ACCIDENT!

MR. THOMAS! WHAT HAPPENED? WE HEARD THE CRASH!

YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, DUNCAN! NOW SPILL--I WANT TO HEAR THE COMPLETE STORY--THE TRUE STORY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! I...ER...OKAY, I STARTED THE AVALANCHE! I WANTED YOU OUT OF WAY! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D FIND HELFAND'S MURDERED BODY!



MURDER?
YOU'D BETTER
TELL ME
EVERY-
THING,
DUNCAN--
AND START
FROM THE
BEGINNING!

CHARLES AND
HELFAND HAD
SOME SORT OF
MYSTERIOUS DEAL
WHICH WAS GOING
TO NET THEM A
LOAD OF MONEY!
CHARLES WANTED
ME TO COME
ALONG ON THE
CLIMB UP CHOMO-

LALTI... HE SAID HE DIDN'T
TRUST HELFAND, OR SOME-
THING LIKE THAT! WHEN
WE STARTED OUT, I
NOTICED THAT MY GERMAN
LUGER WAS MISSING,
BUT I THOUGHT NOTHING
OF IT AT THE TIME!



"I DROPPED BACK TO REST, AND
CHARLES AND HELFAND CONTINUED
THE CLIMB! THEN WHEN I GOT MY
SECOND WIND, I STARTED UP...
THAT'S WHEN I SAW CHARLES
FIRE AT HELFAND..."



"I RACED UP TO THE SUMMIT!
HELFAND WAS DEAD, AND CHARLES
STOOD OVER HIM..."

HE TRIED TO
KILL ME, ROD--
I SWEAR IT!
I HAD TO
KILL HIM--

THAT'S A LIE!
YOU PLANNED
TO KILL
HELFAND! WELL,
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO
GET AWAY
WITH IT!



YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT THIS
IS **YOUR** GUN! IT'S YOUR WORD
AGAINST MINE, ROD!
AND EVERYONE
KNOWS YOU OWN
A GERMAN LUGER!

YOU FILTHY SNAKE!



"IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST! I
LUNGED FOR CHARLES, AND AS
HE BACKED AWAY, HE LOST HIS
FOOTING..."

STAY AWAY
FROM ME! I
WARN YOU--
YAAAAAA!

CHARLES!
CHARLES!



WHEN I RETURNED TO DARJEELING, I
REPORTED THE DEATHS TO THE POLICE
AS ACCIDENTAL! THEY HAD ME LEAD
SEARCH PARTIES UP CHOMO-LALTI,
BUT I MISLED THEM! I WAS CONFIDENT
THAT HELFAND WOULD NEVER BE
FOUND, UNTIL I HEARD THAT YOU
WERE GOING AFTER HIM! I TRIED
TO STOP YOU
AT THE HOTEL,
BUT YOU IGNORED
THE WARNING!

YEAH! YOU DID
A **NICE** JOB,
DUNCAN! YOU TOOK
US THREE DAYS OUT
OF OUR WAY! WELL,
C'MON, LET'S GO **WEST**...
WE'VE GOT A BODY
TO FIND!



**CHARLES WENT OVER THE EDGE! THE
ONLY MAN WHO COULD SAVE ME FROM
THE CHARGE OF MURDER WAS DEAD...**



TWO DAYS LATER THE SEARCH PARTY SETS UP CAMP...



IT'S ABOUT A DAY'S CLIMB FROM HERE, MR. THOMAS!

THINK I'LL GO UP ALONE! MAKE BETTER TIME THAT WAY!



WATCH YOURSELF, JOE! TAKE CARE!

I WILL, GADABOUT!

WELL, HERE I GO! LET'S HOPE THAT DUNCAN WAS TELLING THE TRUTH THIS TIME! I'VE GOT TO FIND HELFAND'S DIARY! ITS CONTENTS ARE OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE!

C-CAN'T STOP NOW... ALMOST TO THE TOP--MUST GO ON!



MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PEAK...

WHY DIDN'T I GO FOR HELFAND'S DIARY SOONER? NOW I'LL HAVE TO HURRY BEFORE THAT SNOOPY EXPLORER GETS HERE!



UGH! ONE MORE HEAVE AND I'LL MAKE IT!



I HARDLY EXPECTED TO FIND COMPANY HERE, MR. CREWS! AND VERY MUCH ALIVE, TOO!

IT'S NOT GONNA DO YOU ANY GOOD, SNOOPER! I'M GONNA FINISH YA FAST!



I CAME TOO FAR, AND WORKED TOO HARD TO BE STOPPED BY YOU!

UGH!



NOW TALK, CREWS! WHY DID YOU MURDER HELFAND?

HELFAND AND I DUG UP SOME INFORMATION ABOUT A RICH RADIUM DEPOSIT! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO REPORT IT TO THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY! HE HAD NO RIGHT TO DO THAT! IT WAS MINE, TOO! THEN I GOT THE IDEA OF FRAMING MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, ROD DUNCAN, BUT HE SAW ME KILL HELFAND! WE FOUGHT AND I WENT OVER THE LEDGE - BUT I MANAGED TO LAND IN A SNOW BANK! I HAD ENOUGH PROVISIONS WITH ME TO STAY THERE UNTIL THE MURDER WOULD BLOW OVER!



I'M READY TO TAKE MY MEDICINE NOW! I'M NO GOOD... I TREATED LILA LIKE DIRT! I'M READY TO GO...

OKAY, CREWS, START MOVING!

HMM! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT SKY! LOOKS LIKE A STORM COMING ON! WE'D BETTER HURRY!



HOURS LATER, THE MONSOON IS UP - ON THEM...

CREWS! GRAB THIS ROPE! HOLD ON! HOLD ON!

CAN'T! I'M SLIPPING! GRAB ME! GRAB ME!



JOE SLOWLY MAKES HIS WAY DOWN! FINALLY, HE REACHES HIS PARTY...

JOE! JOE! Y'ALL RIGHT, BOY? DUNCAN! GET 'IM SOME COFFEE!

GOOD... OLD... GADABOUT... NEVER THOUGHT I'D... SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AGAIN...



THERE HE GOES, LILA! SAID SOMETHING ABOUT GOING TO AFRICA TO LOOK FOR HIS FATHER! HE'S A GREAT GUY!

HE SURE IS, ROD - HE SURE IS!



A WEEK LATER THE WEARY PARTY ARRIVES AT THE HOTEL! AFTER A LONG REST AND PLENTY OF FOOD, JOE AND GADABOUT ARE READY TO HEAD HOME...

WELL, I'VE GOT THE DIARY - AND AS A RESULT, THE WESTERN WORLD WILL SOON HAVE ACCESS TO A FABULOUS RADIUM DEPOSIT! AS FOR YOU, DUNCAN, YOU'RE IN THE CLEAR NOW! I STRAIGHTENED THINGS OUT WITH THE CHIEF OF POLICE!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, JOE! I GUESS THIS WHOLE MESS WOULD HAVE BEEN CLEARED UP IF I HAD TOLD THE TRUTH IN THE FIRST PLACE!



HELP ME! HELP... YAAAA!

THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO!



The End

THE CHALLENGE

MOMENTS after the fog had lifted and revealed the breath-taking, snow-covered mountains that rose directly from the newly found straits, Vitus Bering heard the challenge hurled across the water from Tor Eklund, captain of the sister ship:

"Get on your climbing boots, Bering! We'll be the first two men to scale those heights!"

Everyone in the two-ship exploration fleet knew what that meant. Eklund, stung by the fact that the royal court had commissioned Bering leader instead of himself, was seeking revenge. All through that gruelling trek across the Siberian plains to the coasts of the North Pacific where they had built their ships, Eklund had been striving for leadership. But always the fearless Dane, Bering, was ready to meet his challenge. To banish Eklund from the expedition would be to admit defeat in the struggle; besides, Eklund was too good a ship's master to lose.

Now, in the spring of 1741, as they edged slowly up the glassy waters toward the majestic mountains, Bering realized that the showdown was at hand. Eklund, besides being a good navigator, was an expert mountain-climber. Bering had had experience scaling icy peaks, but in setting out for the island that was listed as Alaska on the royal charts, he had not dreamed that he would be challenged to a duel scaling an icy peak.

The "Bering" Straits had been discovered. Now it was up to Vitus Bering to prove that he was worthy of the great honor.

Cupping his hands to his mouth, Bering bellowed across the water:

"Eklund, have two porters pack our gear! We'll plant the flag at the summit before sundown!"

Even as he spoke, Vitus Bering had misgivings about the venture. Far up the straits he heard the distant rumble of thunder. Ominous clouds were already gathering on the horizon. Yet he knew that

regardless of the weather, he must meet Eklund's challenge.

Even now, Tor Eklund was pulling alongside Bering's vessel in a small boat loaded with provisions, climbing gear and the two porters who would carry the packs.

A cheering crew lined the rail as Bering clambered down the ladder into the boat.

"Don't forget the flag, Captain Bering," his mate called, handing down a carefully folded parcel and a staff.

Then all eyes shifted once more to the great ice-covered heights which rose from the water. Near the peaks a mist was beginning to swirl. In the distance, the baying of the thunder increased.

Captain Eklund grinned in his beard. In his early forties, he was a huge figure, a perfect physical specimen, taller than Bering by several inches.

"I can hardly wait to reach that peak, Bering!" he smiled. "It will be a climb for the history books."

Bering nodded silently. Far up the straits he saw a flash of lightning. A peal of thunder followed. Perhaps the storm would swing the other way. Bering prayed it would, for nothing, apparently, would halt the zeal of Captain Eklund. And now the crews of the two ships were waiting for that flag to be planted at the summit of the peak.

For the first two hours the two climbers and their porters made good progress. The ascent was gradual and the footing good. Even the weather promised to clear.

But as they reached the halfway mark the way became more difficult. Above towered sheer walls of ice. Bering, not used to such strenuous exercise, was already panting.

He glanced at Eklund. Would the other give up? But the big man merely grinned, triumph sparkling in his eyes.

They climbed higher. With each foot upward it was becoming harder to find a footing on the icy

walls. No longer could they see the ships below them. A fog was descending.

Suddenly a roll of thunder shook the whole mountain. The velocity of the wind increased. There was danger the two men might be swept from the icy path. They were nearly at the three-quarter mark now. How difficult the remaining distance would be, neither could guess.

Finally Bering, digging his ice axe into the side of a perpendicular wall, paused for breath and forced out the words he had hoped he would not have to utter:

"It would be the better part of common sense to try it tomorrow, Eklund!" he panted. "It'll be twice as bad higher up when the fury of the storm strikes us!"

Once more Eklund stung him with that taunting smile.

"Nonsense, Captain Bering! There never was a storm that could drive Tor Eklund to cover. If you wish to return give me the flag. I'll plant it in your name."

The mockery in his rival's voice stung Bering like a whiplash. The thunder was deafening now. Lightning flashed above them in blinding sequences, and the wind threatened to sweep them off into space.

"We'll continue to the summit, Eklund!" retorted Bering. Never before had anyone challenged his courage.

Up, up, up they climbed, spanning crevices and inching their way up the vertical walls. Even Eklund lost some of his cockiness as they moved into the teeth of the blasting, icy gale. The lightning continued to flicker blindingly.

A hundred yards from the summit, which they could make out as the fog momentarily lifted, Bering called for a final rest. Almost too exhausted to move, they were hugging an ice shelf. Inside his parka, Bering clutched the parcel containing the flag. This would surely be the most dangerous planting of a flag in all history.

Suddenly a tremendous bolt of lightning struck a crag of ice hanging directly above them. For a moment, Bering could neither see nor hear, he was so dazed. Then he was conscious that tons of ice were dropping down, slipping with a deafening roar past their sheltered crevice in the ice.

Suddenly a scream pierced the storm. Bering

whirled about. Eklund had been transformed into a wild-eyed, raving madman. The bolt of lightning seemed to have snapped something in his brain, and Eklund had seized one of the porters and was trying to hurl him over the precipice.

Bering leaped at the raving giant, but the stricken Tor had the strength of three men.

"I'm going to kill you all!" Eklund roared. "We'll die together!"

Like an enraged grizzly bear Eklund suddenly released the porter and turned on Bering. Swinging his elbow savagely to the right, the famed explorer caught Eklund on the temple. The other dropped like a felled ox. The porters looked at Bering with grateful eyes.

"Watch him!" Bering chanted above the gale. "I'm going to plant this flag so we can return before nightfall."

Only the two storm-wracked porters could truly appreciate Bering's steely nerve in risking life and limb to travel that final hundred yards. Even when they saw the flag whipping in the breeze up there between clouds of mist and sheets of rain, they could scarcely believe their eyes.

When Bering returned he found the porters trying to control the maniacal Eklund. Immediately he ordered the men to rig a climbing rope. Masterfully he subdued the big captain, hoisted him to his back and began the tortuous descent.

Still raving, Eklund threatened to choke the life out of Bering, or to twist his legs and arms and throw them both. But not once did the hardy explorer lose his grip and his determination to bring his rival in safely. He was now clearly in command of the situation.

At last at sundown, when the party, battered, tattered and bruised, returned to the fleet with the babbling Eklund tied to a crude stretcher, the crew of both ships gaped at the scene. First a silence greeted them, then a cheer went up, a cheer for Vitus Bering, the bravest of men.

In acknowledgment of this rare tribute, the exhausted Bering cried sharply:

"At daybreak we'll up anchor and hoist sails to explore the upper part of the Straits. See that Captain Eklund is completely rested before he returns to his command again!"

THE END

DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENTS

with **TOM DEERING, ADVENTURER**
in **TOP-SECRET POLAR MISSION**



LOOK, COMMANDER DEERING, WE'VE REACHED OUR OBJECTIVE!

FINE! BUT LOOK! WHAT'S THAT OTHER SUBMARINE DOING DOWN HERE... MAN THE DECK-GUN!

TOM DEERING IS A FREE-LANCE ADVENTURER. DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENTS ARE HIS SPECIALTY, AND THE WORLD IS HIS OFFICE. BUT WHEN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SENDS HIM TO THE BOTTOM OF THE GLOBE, THE INTREPID ADVENTURER UTILIZES ALL HIS CUNNING AND KNOW-HOW TO COMBAT THE DANGERS OF THE ...

"TOP-SECRET POLAR MISSION!"

OUR STORY OPENS IN A WASHINGTON BUREAU. TOM DEERING HAS BEEN SUMMONED FOR A TOP-SECRET MISSION...

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO WE DISPATCHED A SECRET EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH POLAR REGIONS! WE HAD STRONG REASON TO BELIEVE THAT A RICH DEPOSIT OF PLUTONIUM WAS SOMEWHERE IN THE AREA!

WAS THERE?

THIS ASSIGNMENT WILL MAKE ALL YOUR OTHER ADVENTURES SEEM LIKE A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC, MR. DEERING!

SOUNDS INTERESTING, SIR! WHEN DO I START?





WE DON'T KNOW! THAT'S WHY WE SENT FOR YOU, MR. DEERING! YOU SEE, WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THE EXPEDITION... SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO IT!



WE WANT YOU TO HEAD A SECOND EXPEDITION! I NEEDN'T TELL YOU HOW VITAL PLUTONIUM IS TO OUR ATOMIC PROGRAM!

I THINK I UNDERSTAND SIR!



A SUBMARINE WILL BE PLACED AT YOUR DISPOSAL! AND... ER... TO AVOID SUSPICION, YOU'LL BE REFERRED TO AS LT. COMMANDER TOM DEERING, UNITED STATES NAVY! WE HAVE YOUR UNIFORM AND CREDENTIALS READY... GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

SOME MONTHS LATER DEERING'S SUBMARINE NEARS ITS OBJECTIVE...

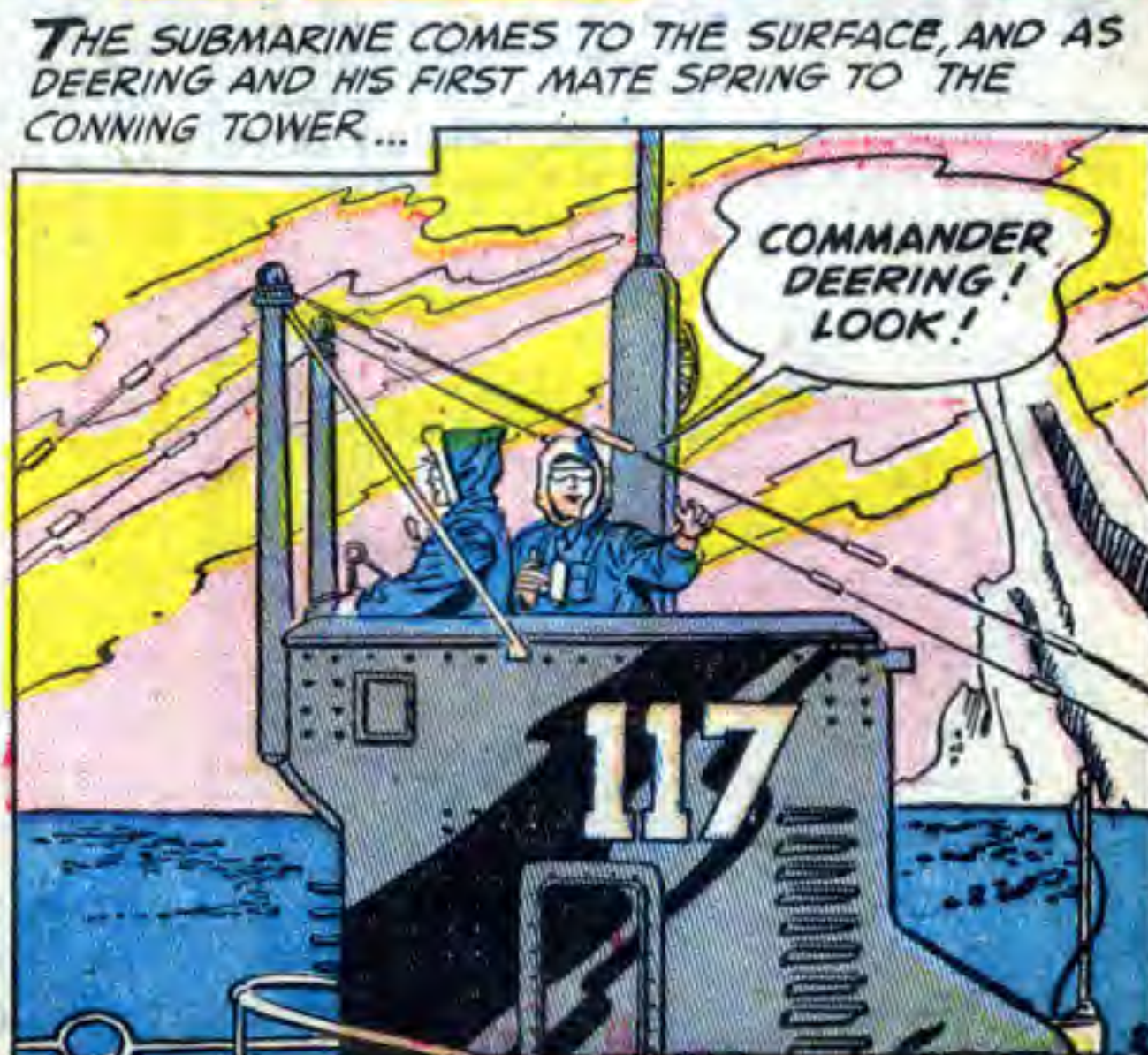


WE'RE APPROACHING AN ICE SHELF! ACCORDING TO OUR CHART, PROFESSOR WINSTON'S EXPEDITION MUST HAVE TOUCHED THIS POINT! BRING THE MEN FORWARD!

A YE, A YE, SIR!



WE'RE GOING TO SURFACE, MEN! PROFESSOR WINSTON'S EXPEDITION **MUST** BE FOUND! I TRUST THAT YOU WILL CARRY OUT YOUR ASSIGNMENTS TO THE LETTER! NOW—TO YOUR STATIONS!



THE SUBMARINE COMES TO THE SURFACE, AND AS DEERING AND HIS FIRST MATE SPRING TO THE CONNING TOWER...

COMMANDER DEERING! LOOK!



THAT BOY IS BEING CHASED BY THOSE MEN, SIR! AND THEY'RE NOT PLAYING!

LAUNCH A BOAT AND HAVE THE GUN CREW ON DECK! HURRY!



MIKHAIL! AN AMERICAN SUBMARINE!

QUICKLY, FOOL! STOP THAT BOY! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!



THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON THE BOY! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! PREPARE TO FIRE, MR. BLACK!

AYE, SIR! RANGE 300... BEARING 90 DEGREES... ELEVATION 37 DEGREES! FIRE!



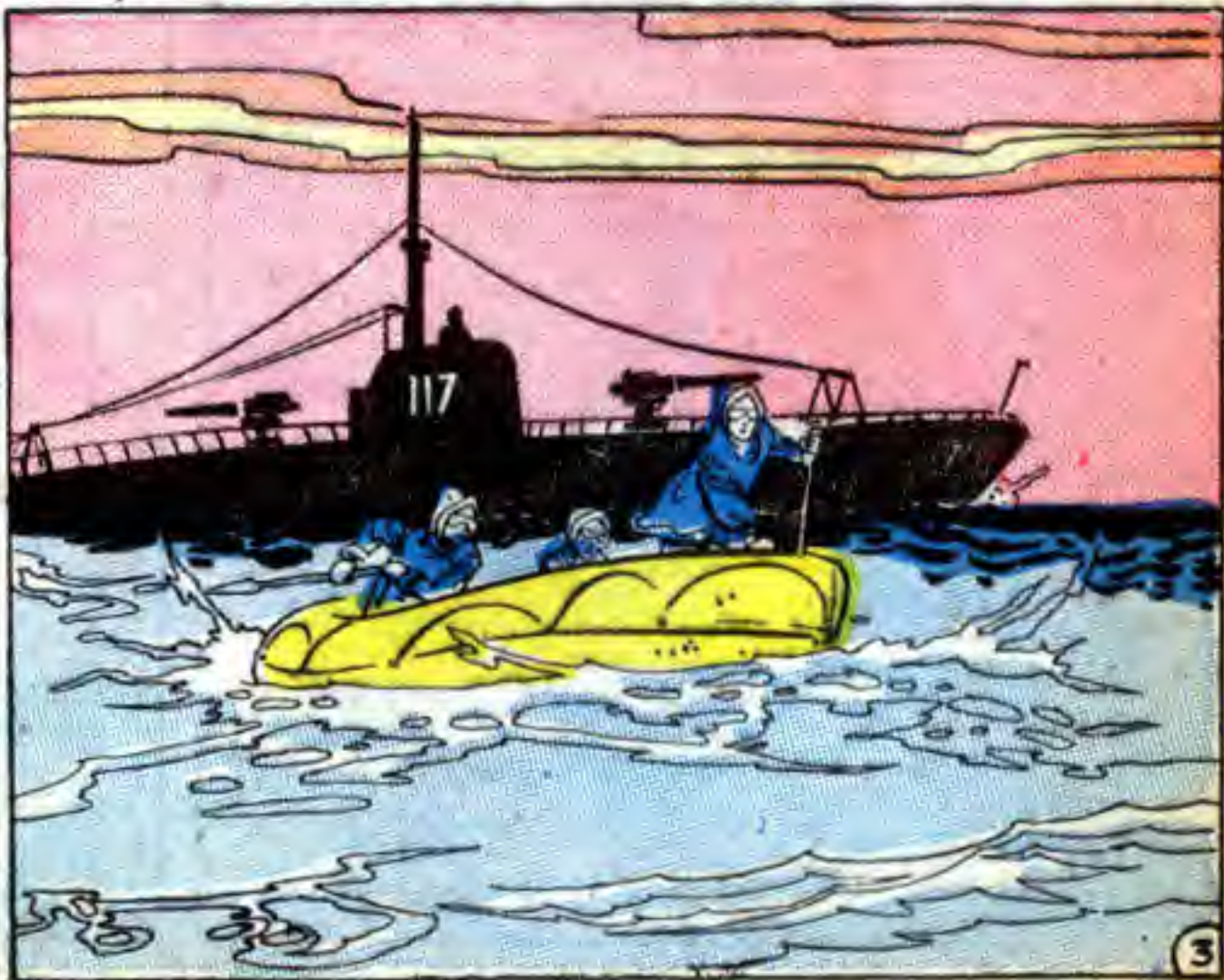
BAR-OM

MIKHAIL! GET BACK! GET BAC...



RUMBLE! CRASH! SMASH!

THE SUBMARINE'S SMALL BOAT GLIDES ACROSS THE ICY WATERS AND HEADS TOWARD THE BOY ON SHORE...



A SHORT WHILE LATER THE BOY IS BROUGHT ABOARD THE SUBMARINE ...



SO YOU'RE PROFESSOR WINSTON'S SON? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FATHER AND HIS CREW? AND WHO WERE THOSE MEN THAT CHASED YOU?

WELL, COMMANDER DEERING, I GUESS I'D BETTER START FROM THE BEGINNING!

"ABOUT THREE MONTHS AGO DAD'S WORK WAS FINISHED AND WE WERE PREPARING TO START FOR HOME. THEY MUST HAVE FOUND SOMETHING PRETTY IMPORTANT, BECAUSE THEY WERE VERY HAPPY ABOUT IT..."

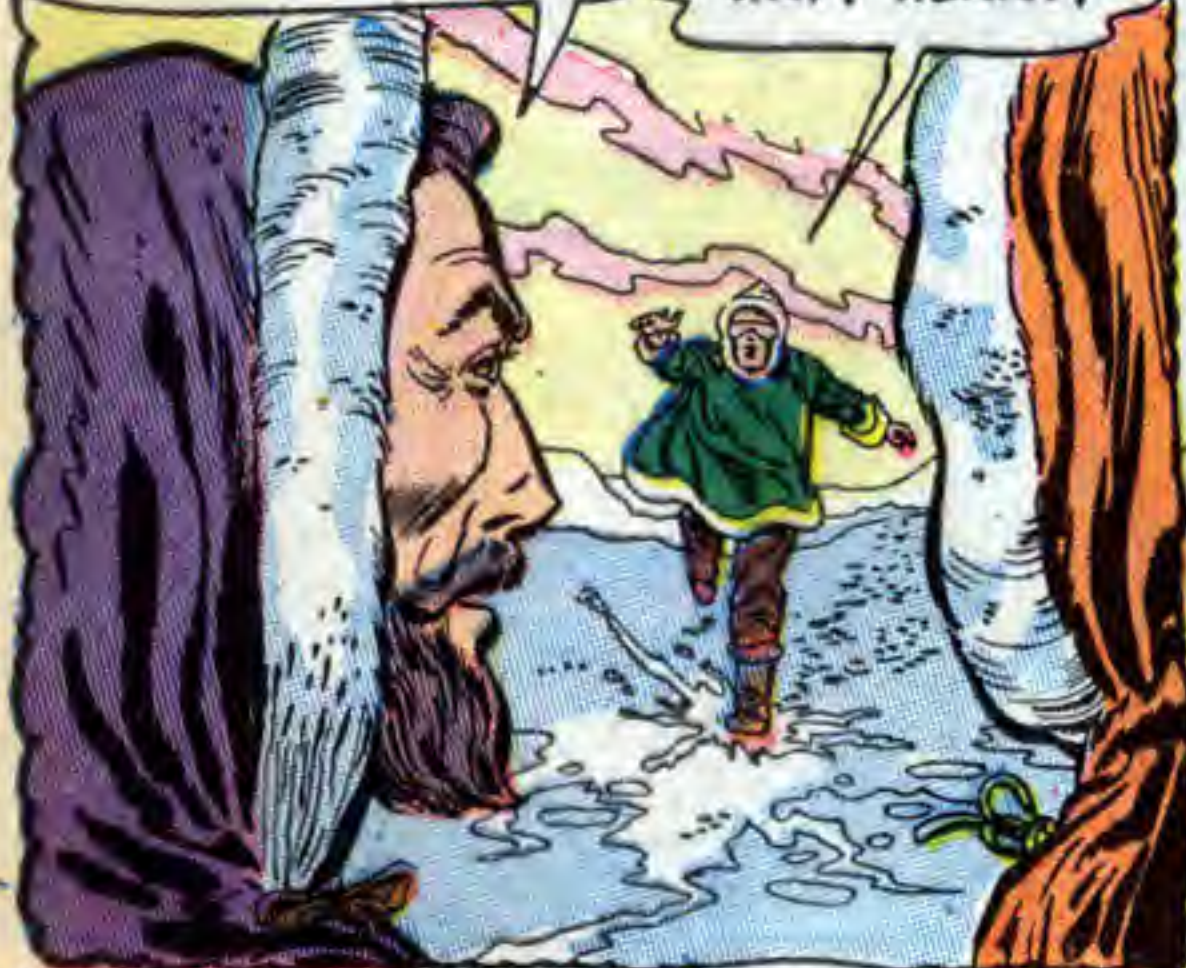
THIS JUST ABOUT WINDS THINGS UP, WARREN! WE'VE FOUND WHAT WE'VE COME AFTER!

AND IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DONE WITHOUT YOU, PROFESSOR WINSTON!



NONSENSE! WARREN! WE ALL DID OUR SHARE!

PROFESSOR WINSTON! THIS WAY! HURRY!



"WE ALL DASHED DOWN TO THE BEACH, AND THERE SHE WAS... AS CLEAR AS DAY..."

A COMMUNIST SUB!



"THEN, BEFORE ANY OF US KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, THE SUB'S DECK GUN FIRED, AND..."



DAD! DAD!

BOOM!

"MOST OF THE CREW WAS SLIGHTLY SHAKEN UP, BUT DAD WAS BADLY HIT..."

THINK YOU CAN MAKE THE CAVE, SIR! THEY'LL BE SENDING A PATROL AFTER US!

WITH... A LITTLE... HELP... I MIGHT MAKE IT... OHHH... THE PAIN!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, DAD! I KNOW YOU WILL!



"WE CARRIED DAD TO THE CAVE, AND THEN MR. WARREN CALLED ME ASIDE..."

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LOOK AFTER YOUR FATHER WHILE I'M GONE, TED! WE'RE IN FOR REAL TROUBLE!

YES, SIR! BUT WHY DID THOSE MEN SHOOT AT US!



THOSE MEN ARE OUT TO STEAL A VERY PRECIOUS METAL DISCOVERED BY YOUR FATHER! WE MUST FOIL THEM!

I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO HELP, MR. WARREN!



THE NEXT MORNING I SNEAKED OUT TO THE BEACH! MR. WARREN AND THE OTHERS WERE ALL DEAD!

WHAT ABOUT YOUR FATHER, TED?



HE'S STILL IN THE CAVE, SIR! I WAS THERE ON MY WAY THERE TODAY WHEN THOSE MEN SPOTTED ME! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM, COMMANDER! WE'VE GOT TO!

WE'LL DO THE BEST WE CAN, TED!



MR. BLACK! PREPARE A LANDING PARTY IMMEDIATELY!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



AN HOUR LATER THE LANDING PARTY INCHES FORWARD THROUGH THE DRIVING GALE...

HOW MUCH FARTHER, TED?

AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT CLIFF, COMMANDER!



MINUTES LATER, TOM DEERING ENTERS THE CAVE...



WASHINGTON SENT ME TO FIND YOU, PROFESSOR!

I-I'VE BEEN PRAYING FOR THIS MOMENT! ANOTHER DAY AND YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!

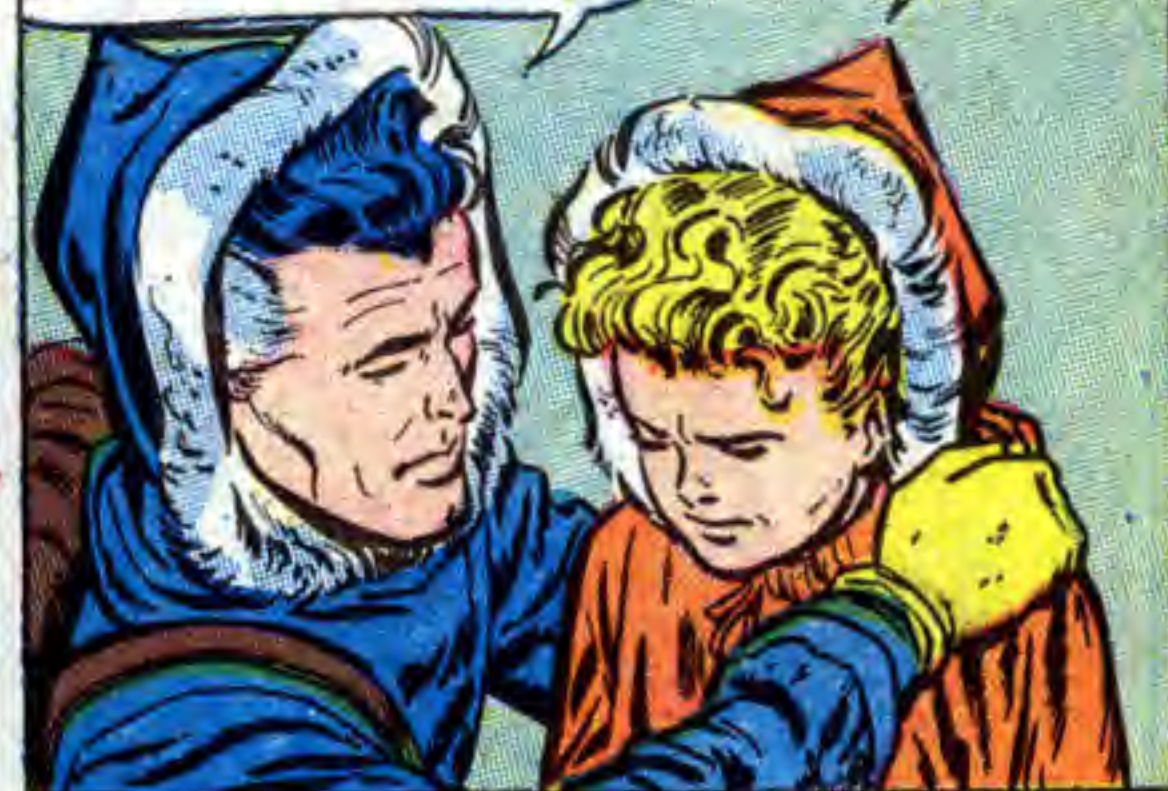
THIS MAP SHOWS THE LOCATION OF PLUTONIUM DEPOSITS! TAKE IT... AND LOOK OUT FOR TED! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM... WATCH OUT FOR HIM... HE'S A GOOD BOY... HE'S... OHHHH...



DAD! DAD! HE'S DEAD! HE'S DEAD!

YOU MUST BE BRAVE, TED! YOUR FATHER GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS COUNTRY! NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE MAP WE MUST FIGHT TO KEEP IT FROM FALLING INTO ENEMY HANDS!

THEY KILLED HIM... THEY KILLED HIM --



COMMANDER! THE COMMUNIST SUB HAS JUST SURFACED!

THEY'VE SPOTTED OUR POSITION!

ORDER THE MEN BACK TO OUR SUB, MR. BLACK! WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE ENEMY!



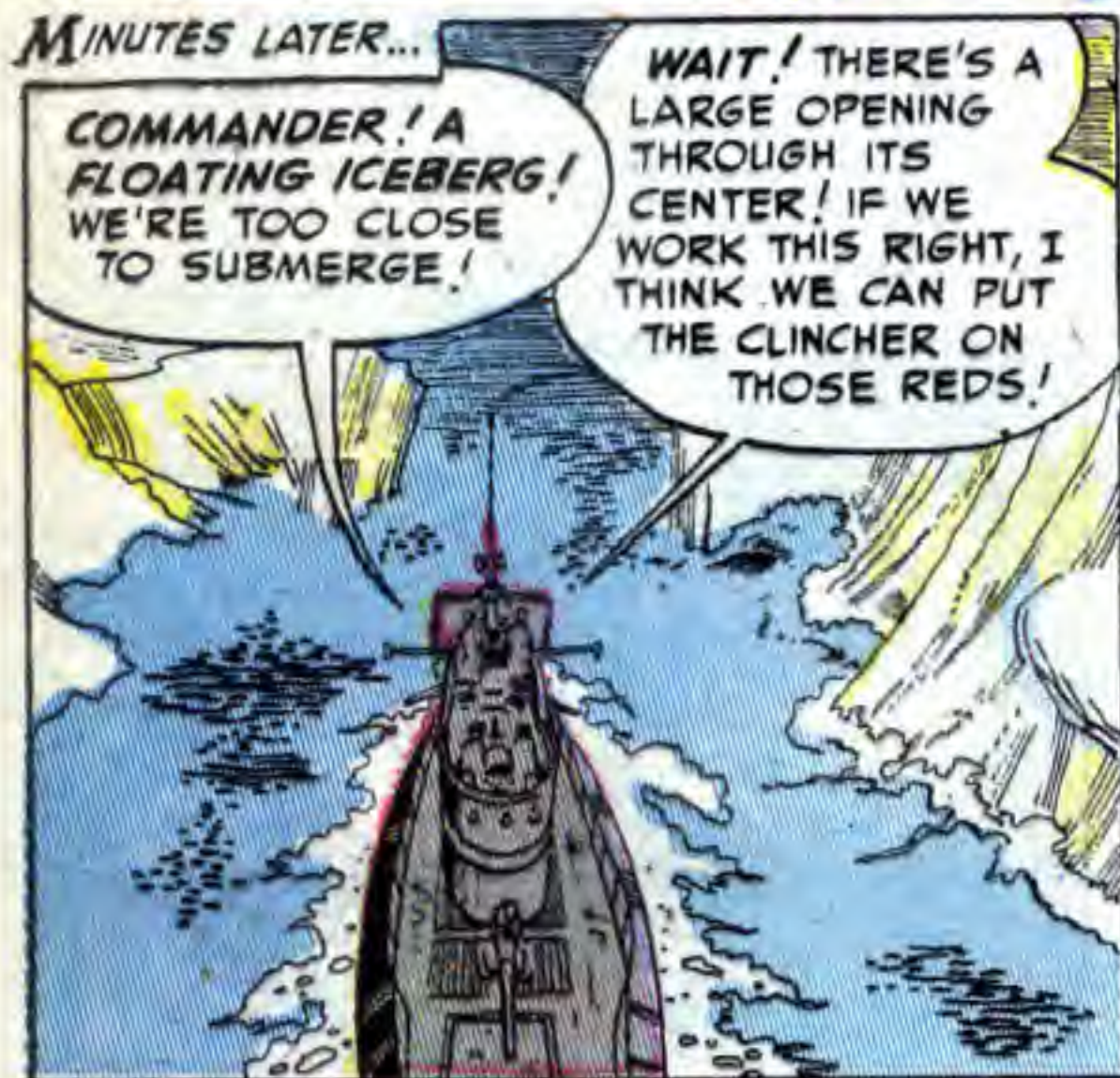


STOP THEM! THEY MUSTN'T ESCAPE! FIRE!



WHEW! MADE IT! SHALL WE OPEN FIRE, COMMANDER?

NOT YET! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE—FULL SPEED!



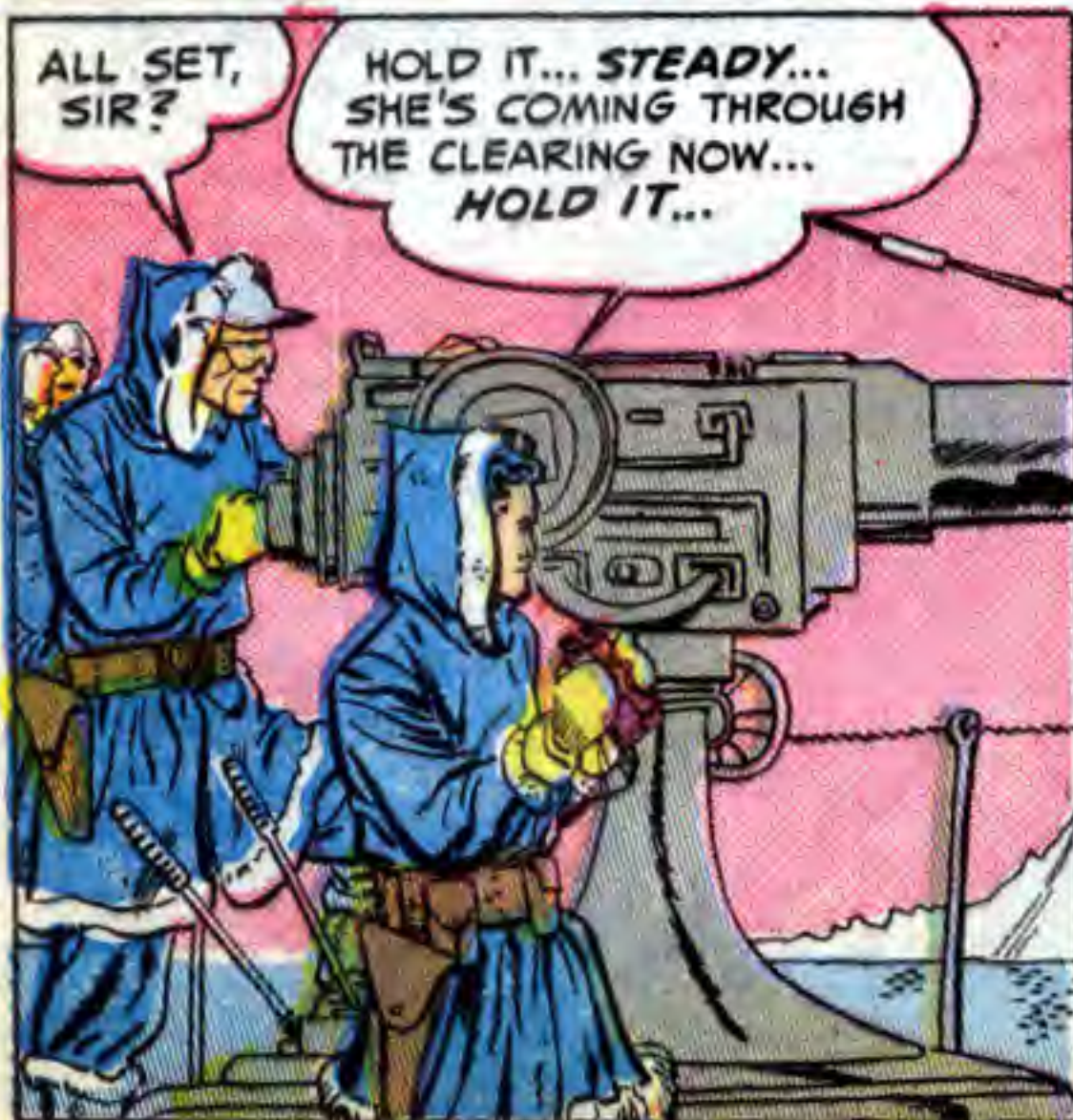
MINUTES LATER...
COMMANDER! A FLOATING ICEBERG! WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO SUBMERGE!

WAIT! THERE'S A LARGE OPENING THROUGH ITS CENTER! IF WE WORK THIS RIGHT, I THINK WE CAN PUT THE CLINCHER ON THOSE REDS!



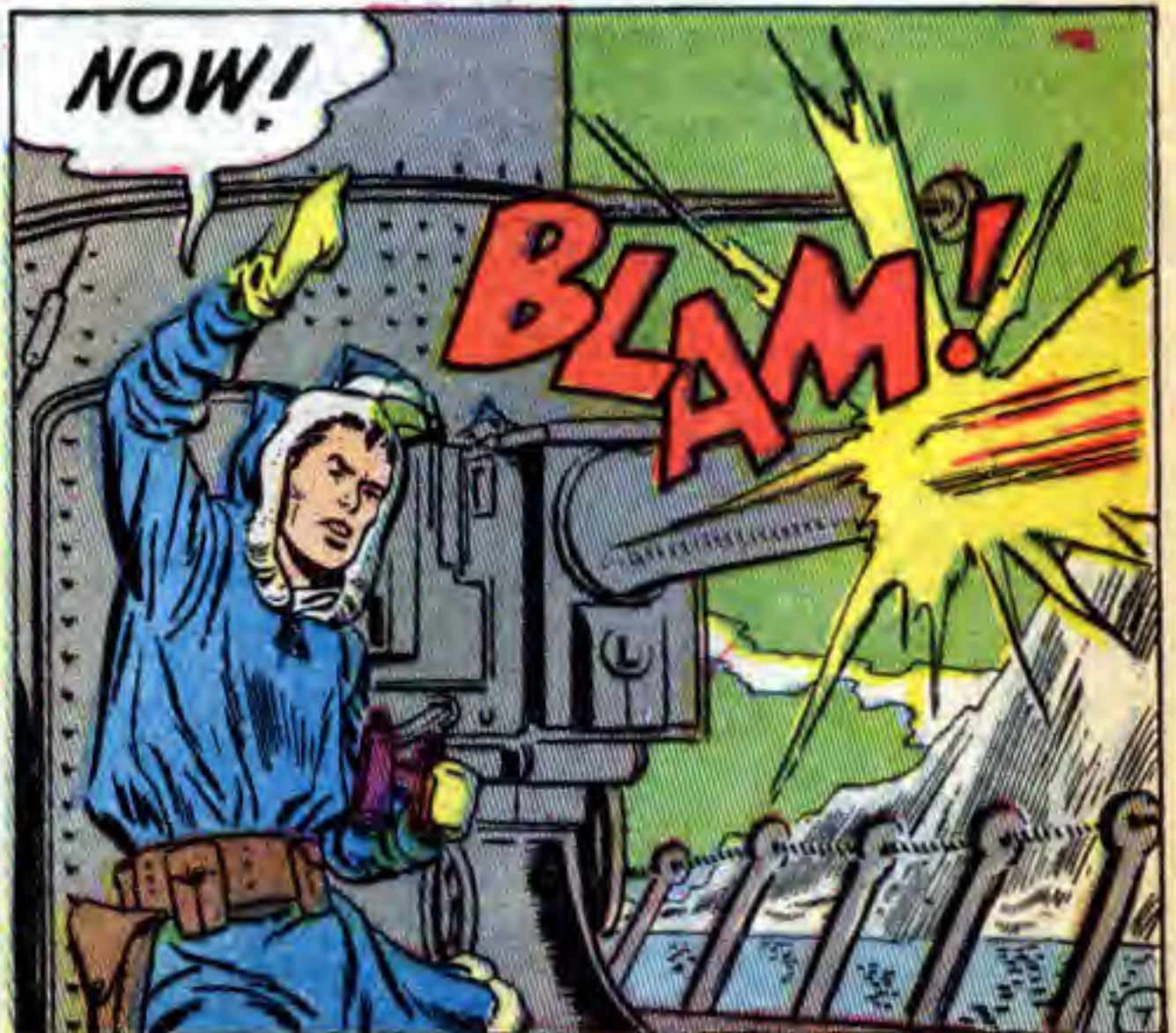
THEY'RE GOING TO FOLLOW US THROUGH! GOOD! BLACK, HAVE THE GUN CREW STAND BY THE MINUTE WE REACH THE OTHER SIDE!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, SIR... I HOPE IT WORKS!



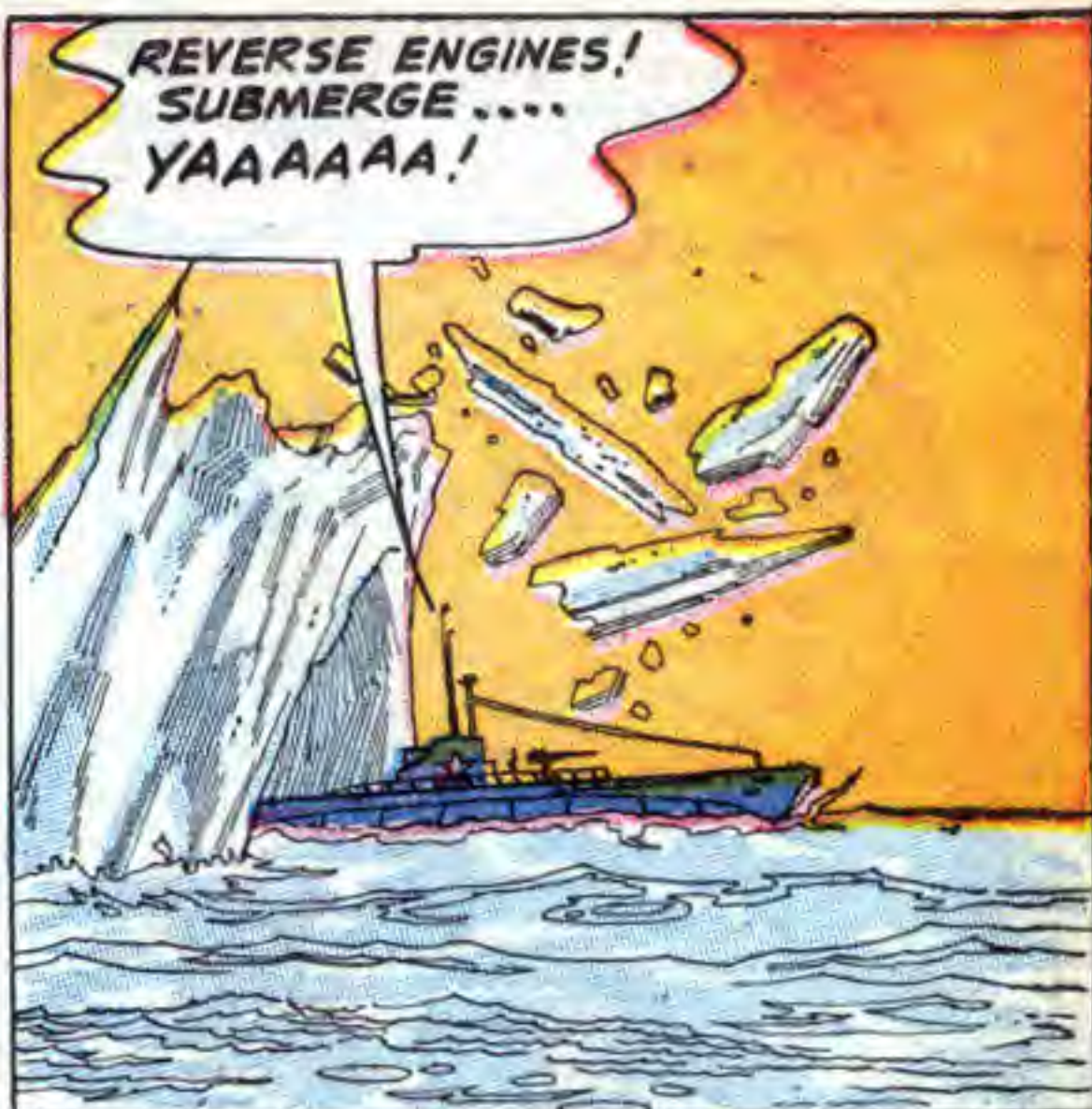
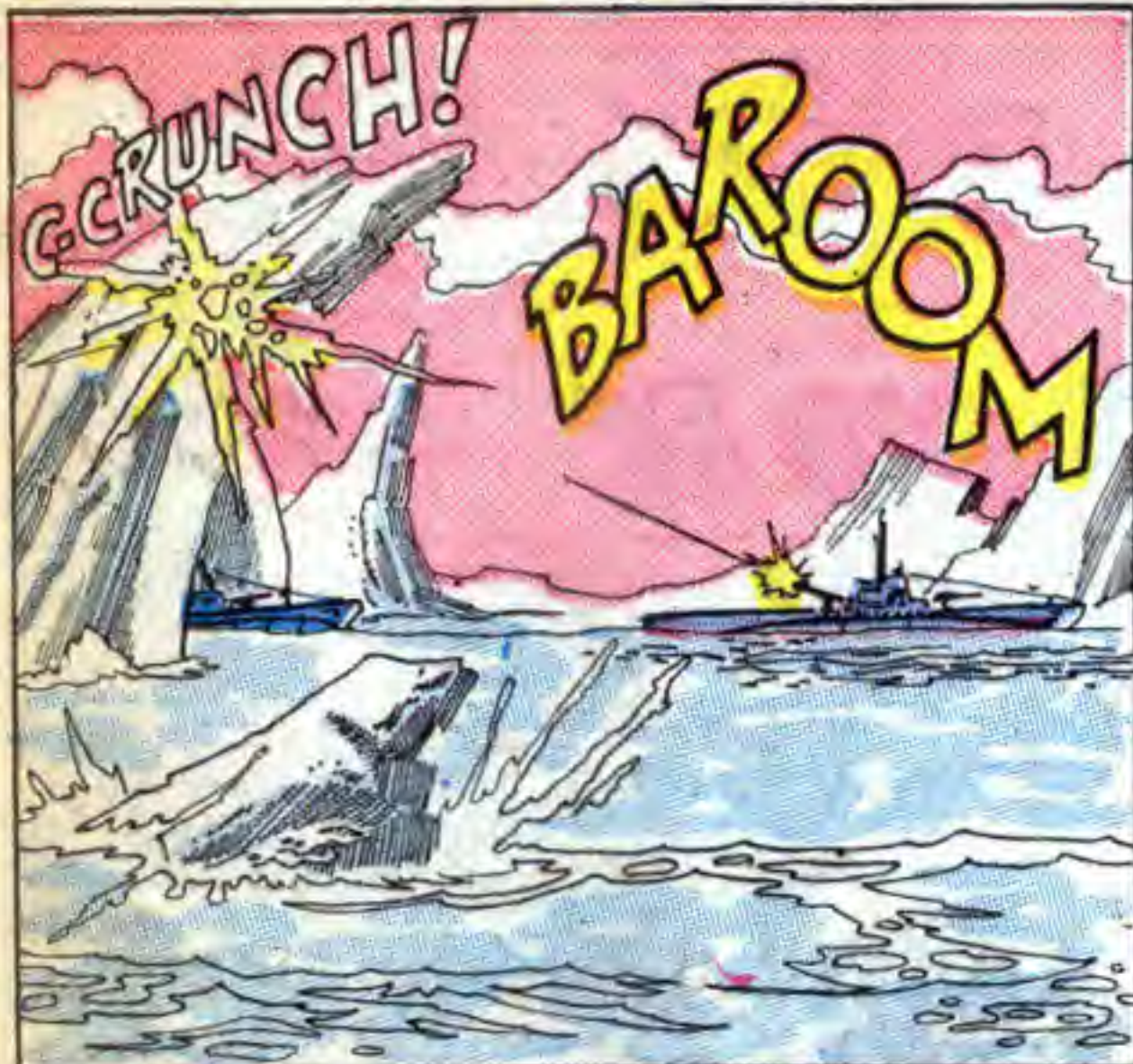
ALL SET, SIR?

HOLD IT... STEADY... SHE'S COMING THROUGH THE CLEARING NOW... HOLD IT...



NOW!

BLAM!



SOME MONTHS LATER DEERING ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON...

THAT WAS A GREAT JOB, MR. DEERING! TOO BAD WE HAD TO LOSE PROFESSOR WINSTON AND HIS CREW! WHAT ARE THE BOY'S PLANS?



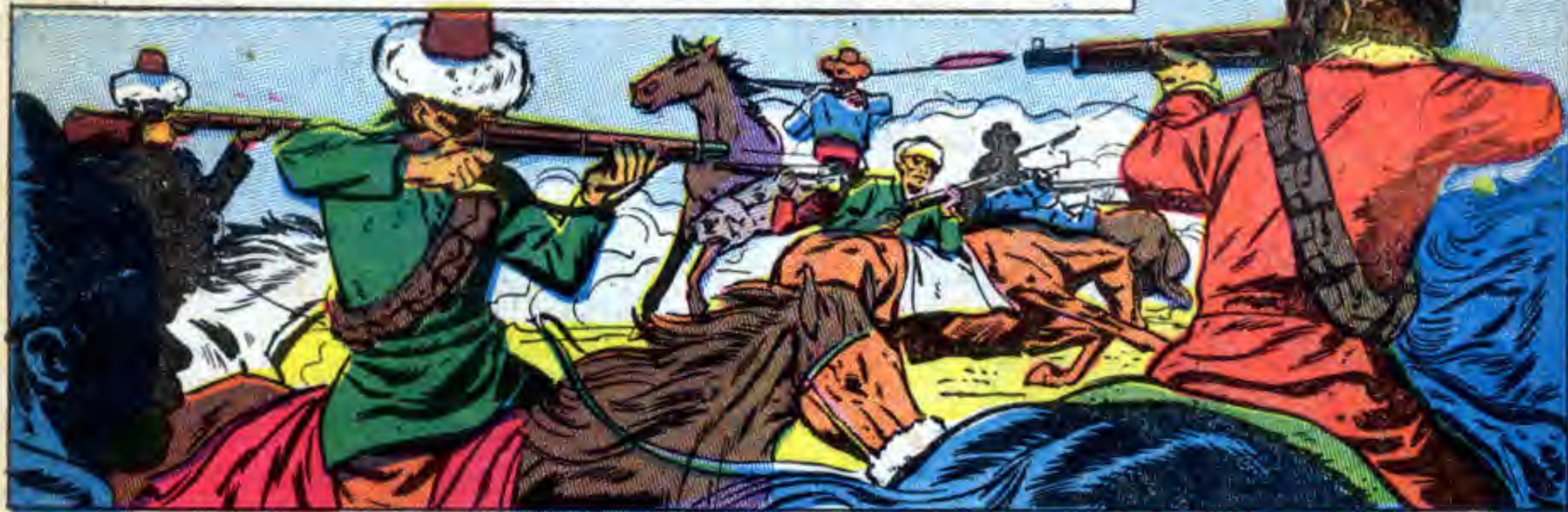
EXPLORER JOE

in The **DEVIL A MONK WOULD BE**

IN LHASA, CAPITAL OF MYSTERIOUS TIBET, EXPLORER JOE THOMAS FOLLOWS A VAGUE RUMOR THAT HIS FATHER IS A BUDDHIST MONK IN A MOUNTAIN MONASTERY. WITH JOE IS HIS FAITHFUL SIDEKICK, GADABOUT SWANSON...



OUT-NUMBERED AND OUT-MANEUVERED BY THE SWIFT-RIDING BANDITS, THE MEMBERS OF THE CARAVAN FIGHT DESPERATELY FOR THEIR LIVES!



IF WE COULD PICK OFF THE LEADER, THEY'D PROBABLY BREAK UP!

IT'S HARD TO PICK OFF ANYTHING! THEM PONIES IS FAST!



FATHER!



I'VE GOT HIM IN MY SIGHTS NOW!



PANICKED AT THE DEATH OF THEIR LEADER, THE BANDITS FLEE...



YOUR FATHER'S IN
BAD SHAPE, RIRA!
HE NEEDS
IMMEDIATE
ATTENTION!

THE MONASTERY OF RHISA
IS ONLY A FEW MORE MILES!
IF WE CAN GET HIM THERE—

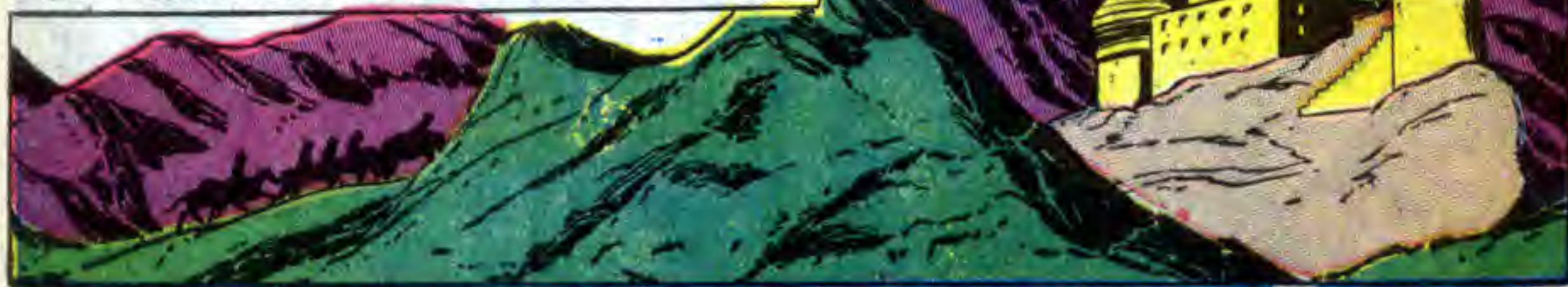


FASTER!
FASTER!

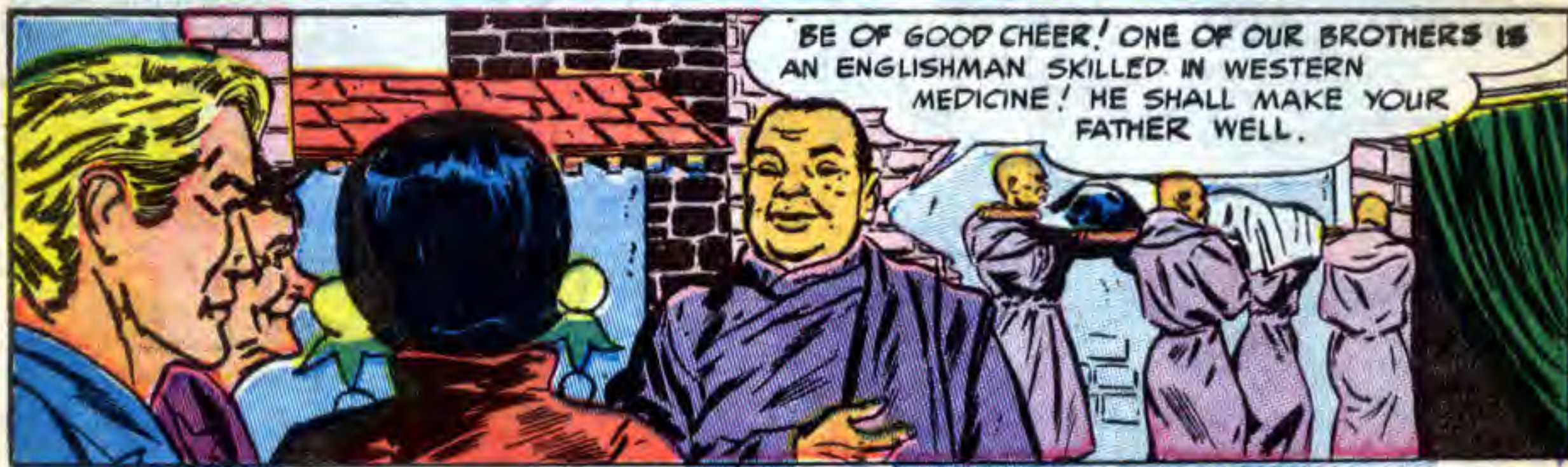
TAKE IT EASY, RIRA! WE'LL
GET TO THE MONASTERY
IN TIME!



SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY, THE CARAVAN TOILS UP THE
STEEP MOUNTAINSIDE TOWARD THE MONASTERY...



BE OF GOOD CHEER! ONE OF OUR BROTHERS IS
AN ENGLISHMAN SKILLED IN WESTERN
MEDICINE! HE SHALL MAKE YOUR
FATHER WELL.



PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I'M
FREDRIC HARWELL, DOCTOR OF MEDICINE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH!

MAKE YOUR WESTERN
MEDICINE, MONK! SAVE
MY FATHER!





SO HERE'S THE WOUNDED MAN, EH? LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT HIM!



OO-OOOH!

R-R-RIP!



CAN'T YOU BE MORE GENTLE? THE MAN'S FAINTED WITH PAIN!

NONSENSE, MY YANKEE FRIEND! THESE PEOPLE ARE NOT CAPABLE OF FEELING PAIN! THEY'RE THE MOST UTTER BRUTES, REALLY!



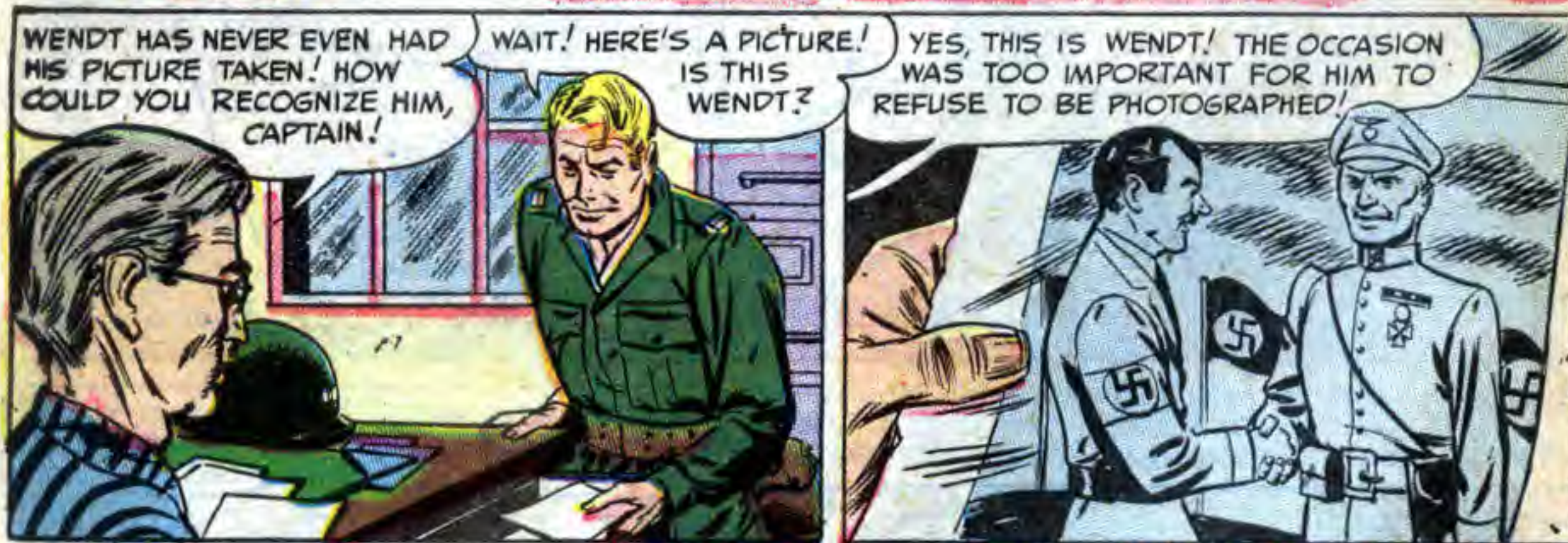
THAT ATTITUDE - YES, AND THAT FACE, TOO! IT WAS IN GERMANY IN APRIL, 1945...

AS A CAPTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY RECONNAISSANCE, I WAS THE FIRST ALLIED SOLDIER TO ARRIVE AT THE INFAMOUS CONCENTRATION CAMP OF BALDERHEIM...



THE AMERICANS ARE HERE!

THE NAZIS ARE KAPUT!





THE OLD MAN WILL RECOVER!
HE'LL HAVE TO REST HERE
SEVERAL WEEKS, OF COURSE.

THANK YOU, DR. HARWELL. AND
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'D
LIKE TO SEE THE ABBOT!

IN THE ABBOT'S AUDIENCE ROOM, A FEW MINUTES LATER...



A MAN SUCH AS YOU DESCRIBE YOUR
FATHER TO BE, MY SON, WAS A MONK
HERE FOR SEVERAL YEARS. BUT
WHEN HIS CONDITIONAL VOWS
EXPIRED, HE ACCEPTED
AN INVITATION TO
BECOME AN ADVISOR
TO THE PRINCE OF
THE INDIAN
STATE TO THE
SOUTH. HE LEFT
US TWO YEARS
AGO!



THANK YOU, MY LORD
ABBOT! I AM
CURIOUS TO SEE
AN ENGLISHMAN,
THE MONK HARWELL,
HERE!

DR. HARWELL CAME TO US
FIVE YEARS AGO. HE HAS
MANY SCIENTIFIC INTERESTS
-- THERE ARE DEPOSITS
OF URANIUM HEREABOUTS,
AND HE ENJOYS GOING ON
METALLURGICAL EXPEDITIONS.
BUT THEN, ALL YOU
EUROPEANS ARE
INTERESTED IN
URANIUM, ARE
YOU NOT?



THE NEXT DAY...



THAT ENGLISH MONK! I
DO NOT TRUST
HIM, JOE!

AH, DR.
HARWELL!
JUST BACK
FROM A
MINERAL
HUNT?



SURELY MY HUMBLE
RESEARCHES
CANNOT
INTEREST...

HEIL HITLER!

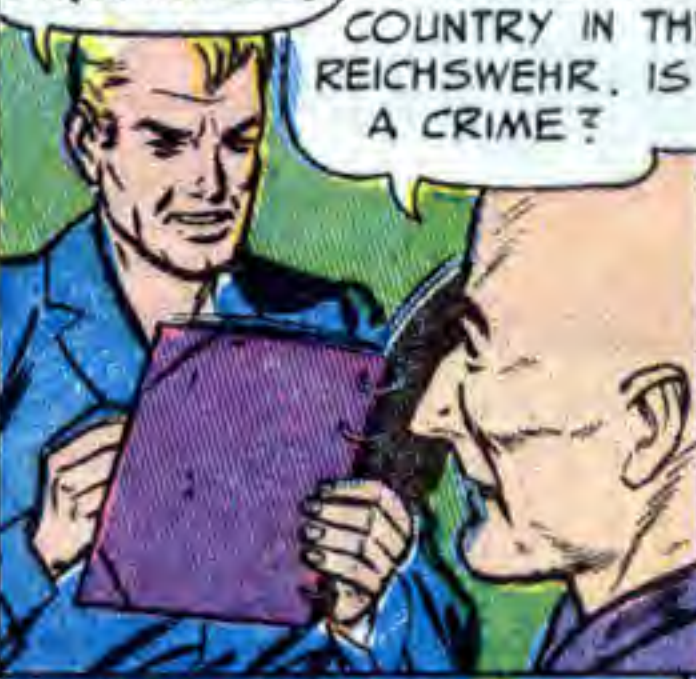


HEIL
HITLER!

HA HA! YOU ARE QUITE A PRACTICAL
JOKER, MR. THOMAS! "HEIL
HITLER!"--VERY GOOD! AND I
ENTLED RIGHT INTO THE
SPIRIT OF
THE THING...



DOES AN
ENGLISHMAN
HABITUALLY
MAKE SCIENTIFIC
NOTES IN
GERMAN,
DR. HARWELL?



I MAY AS WELL
CONFESS, MR.
THOMAS. I
WAS A SIMPLE
GERMAN MEDICAL
OFFICER, CALLED
UP TO SERVE MY
COUNTRY IN THE
REICHSWEHR. IS THAT
A CRIME?

CERTAINLY NOT! BUT TO BE
AN SS. OFFICER IN CHARGE
OF A TORTURE CAMP IS
A CRIME, IS IT NOT,
CAPTAIN WENDT?



IMPERTINENT YANKEE PIG! I
AM NOT
CAPTURED
SO EASILY!

COLONEL-DOCTOR
WENDT, IF YOU
PLEASE!



THANK YOU, COLONEL! I BELIEVE
THE WAR CRIMES COMMISSION
WOULD LIKE TO
SEE YOU.
SHALL WE
GO?



LET HIM
GO, JOE!

GET ME
A HORSE!



GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL, WENDT MAKES
EXCELLENT USE OF HIS HEAD START...



I DO NOT CARE TO HAVE
THOSE WHO RECOGNIZE
ME GO ON LIVING...
SO...

AND WENDT'S PLAN WORKS!



HOW NICE, MR. THOMAS! YOU HAVE SAVED YOURSELF FOR JUST LONG ENOUGH TO HEAR A LITTLE SECRET FROM ME!



WHEN THE NEWS OF THE URANIUM DEPOSITS I HAVE DISCOVERED IS COMMUNICATED TO CERTAIN PARTIES, THEN GERMAN TALENTS WILL TURN ALL THIS DESOLATION INTO A HUGE ATOMIC STOCKPILE. AND AT LAST THE FOURTH AND GREATEST REICH WILL TRULY CONQUER THE WORLD!

SNAP!



LOOK! WE MUST SAVE OUR FRIEND!



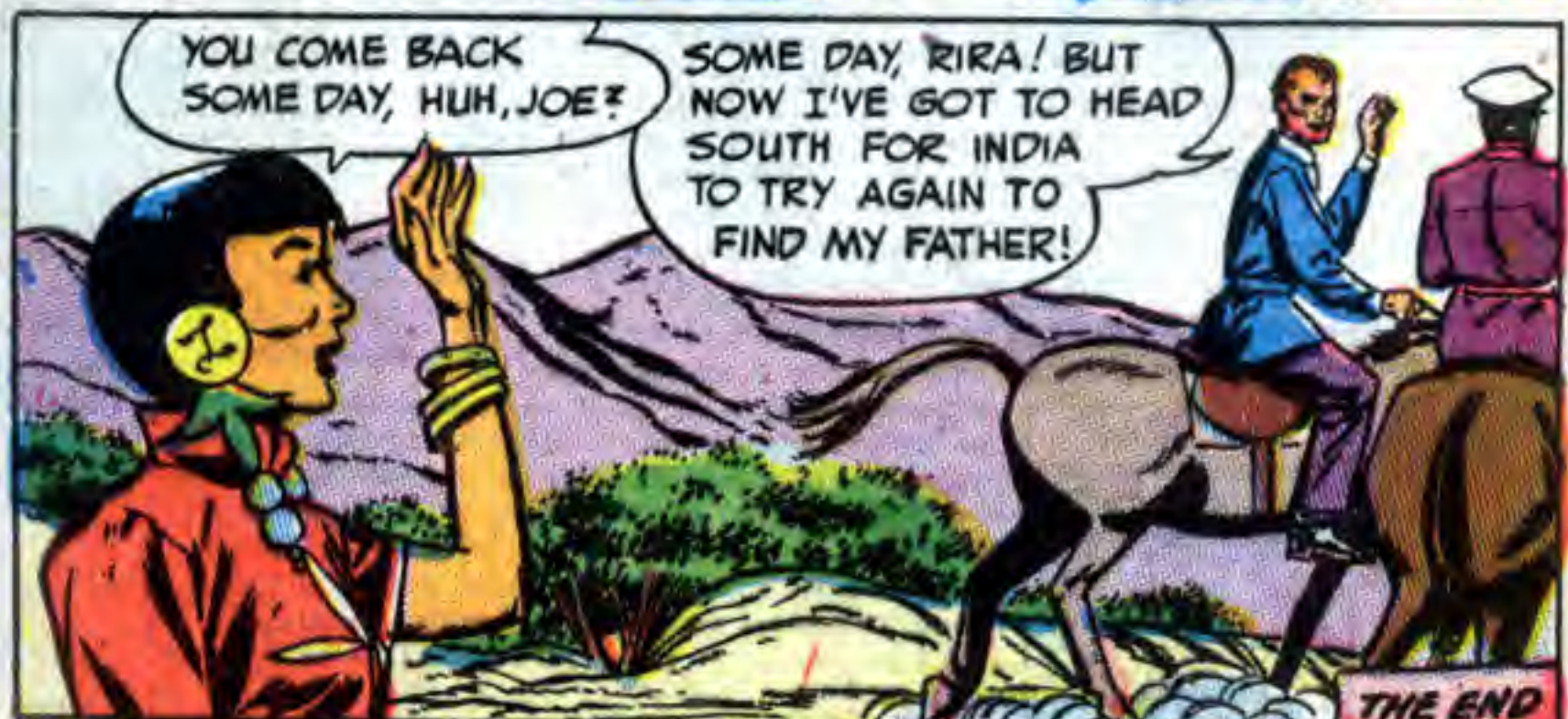
BANG!

OOH!!

GEE, I'M SORRY, JOE! I KINDA GOT TIED UP IN THE KITCHEN, AND...

I DID RIGHT, HUH? ENGLISH-MAN'S NO GOOD!

YOU'RE SO RIGHT, HONEY! HE WAS NO GOOD— BUT HE WASN'T AN ENGLISHMAN.



YOU COME BACK SOME DAY, HUH, JOE?

SOME DAY, RIRA! BUT NOW I'VE GOT TO HEAD SOUTH FOR INDIA TO TRY AGAIN TO FIND MY FATHER!

THE END

THE LATEST FAD THE GREATEST HIT!

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Get the year's biggest cap sensation—now! This sturdy wool and rayon detective cap is made and designed along the most expensive lines. Wear it all seasons, all occasions. Comes in handsome houndstooth check, either black and white or brown and white. State color and head size when ordering. Only \$2.98—and you get FREE Private Eye Badge and Powerful Magnifying Glass. Use coupon.



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2 Marble Ave., Pleasantville, N. Y.

Send me, on your guaranteed offer, _____

Cap(s) Size _____ Color _____

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"PRIVATE EYE" BADGE

Gold-like metal, same size and shape as police badge. Wear it on cap, coat lapel or shirt. Flash it on the gang. Sent absolutely FREE when you order cap.

"POWERFUL MAGNIFYING GLASS"

You also get this powerful pocket magnifying glass. Study fingerprints, other clues. Handy in school and outdoors. Yours FREE with cap.

GUARANTEE: If you are not 100% pleased, return merchandise and your money will be refunded, without question, at once.

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ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CHASSIS,
U. S. GOVERNMENT PATENT NO. 2,536,179



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BROADCAST OVER HOME RADIO: Either or both of your Walkie Talkies can be hooked up so you can talk into them and hear your voice come out of the radio speaker. "Broadcast" from another room or another part of the house. Mystify your friends—plan your own radio programs and announcements.

RECEIVE LOCAL BROADCAST STATIONS: Your Walkie Talkie can easily be converted to the broadcast



band and thus serve as your own private radio receiver. The REMCO plug-in crystal adapter and special aerial attachment will permit reception on broadcast frequencies. Adapter, aerial attachment only \$1.98 (Optional). Sets are ruggedly constructed of high quality injection molded plastic: engineered for utility and extra long service. This is not a kit but a factory tested and guaranteed communication system. Guaranteed — or your money refunded in full.



Certificate of Guarantee
If either of your Walkie Talkie Sets should stop operating for any reason, our factory engineers will repair and return it to you at absolutely no cost.

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! We will refund your money in full within five days if these Walkie Talkies fail to do the amazing things stated in this ad.

TWO WAY
WALKIE TALKIES
ONLY
\$3.49
postpaid
2 SETS
COMPLETE!

MAIL THIS COUPON!

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63 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.

- ☐ Send 2 Walkie Talkie units _____ Price \$3.49
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- ☐ Full payment enclosed Rush order post-paid.
- ☐ \$1 deposit enclosed. Will pay postman balance plus charges

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City _____ State _____

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ROCKETMAN OUT OF THIS WORLD

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outfit in itself!

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Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for my ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER together with five complete different, exciting and full of action films (over 100 pictures).

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Print Clearly.

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400 Madison Ave., New York, 17, N.Y.

EXTRA EXCITING FILM!

Be the first girl or boy in your neighborhood to own the new ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER, together with five (5) exciting different films with over 100 different pictures. Each film (16mm) (5) a complete story of different kind. Packed full of thrills, action and adventure. The ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER is one of the finest viewers. Durable, beautiful colored plastic super fine lens compact, easy to carry. Nothing to get out of order, lasts a lifetime. Original, exclusive, no other like it. Patented U. S. Patent Office. This offer is made through this comic magazine and you cannot buy the ROCKETMAN TELEVIEWER except by mail. So order now, while the supply lasts!

HURRY MAIL TODAY

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.
SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED **WAS ME**
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
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